

DETAILS

A full-page photograph of actor Norman Reedus. He is standing in front of a rustic wooden wall, leaning against a vertical wooden post with his left hand. He is wearing a long, light grey coat over a grey sweater and light-colored trousers. He has long, dark hair and a goatee, looking directly at the camera with a serious expression.

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RULES FOR
BUILDING THE
PERFECT
FALL
WARDROBE

—
UNREAL ESTATE
INSIDE L.A.'S
\$500 MILLION
MANSION

—
THE NEW
WINE
REVOLUTION

—
HOW TO
GAME
LUXURY
TRAVEL

THE IMPROBABLE RISE
OF *THE WALKING DEAD*'S
**NORMAN
REEDUS**

ON THE RESERVATION
GAY MARRIAGE'S FINAL FRONTIER





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VOLUME 34 ISSUE 02

FEATURES

82 | AND THE FIRST AMERICANS SHALL BE LAST

The next chapter in the struggle for marriage equality won't be written by the Supreme Court or a Kentucky county clerk. It will unfold on Native American reservations where same-sex unions are still banned under sovereign rule. Inside the final battle in a war that's far from over.

By Hal Espen

96 | NORMAN REEDUS

The 46-year-old outsider is many things—sculptor, painter, photographer, filmmaker, former model—but the thing he's most famous for, being the biggest star on the biggest show on TV, *The Walking Dead*, almost didn't happen.

By Doug Brod

108 | WHAT YOU GET FOR . . . \$500 MILLION IN LOS ANGELES

In Bel Air, a developer is at work on what may be the most opulent mansion in the world, a 100,000-square-foot home with a garage for 30-plus cars, five pools, a casino, a nightclub with a V.I.P. area, and a lounge with jellyfish tanks. The price tag sounds insane—but in L.A.'s steroidal spec-house bubble, it may be a bargain for the right billionaire.

By Christopher Bagley

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It's easy to feel like you're leaving the house naked if you don't have the right finishing touches.

Photographs by Martin Vallin

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At 52, Grammy winner Seal still lives the "crazy" life, with a new album, a new love—and a clarification for misguided millennials who think he's Batman.

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Welcome to Life Hack Nation, where we obsess about problems that don't deserve our collective brainpower in the first place. People, it's time to put away the binder clips.

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Ruth Wilson, the Golden Globe-winning star of Showtime's *The Affair*, looks forward to stepping away from the series' weighty subject matter—in some pretty kinky shoes, it turns out.



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On *The Walking Dead*, Norman Reedus is a quiet leader with survival instincts.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER. COAT BY J.W. ANDERSON. PANTS BY BOSS. SHOES BY HERMÈS.

COVER Photograph by Mark Seliger. Styling by Benjamin Sturgill. Coat and pants by AMI Alexandre Mattiussi. Sweater by Lucio Castro.

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Frank Grillo's boxing routine keeps him in fighting shape for roles in *Kingdom* and *Captain America*.



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Five things we emphatically endorse this month.

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The hipster class is drunk in love with "natural" wines. But are they really all that?

42 | AUTO

Not every big-screen Bond car is a high-priced exotic like the one-off Aston Martin in this month's *Spectre*. (In fact, they're not even all cars.)

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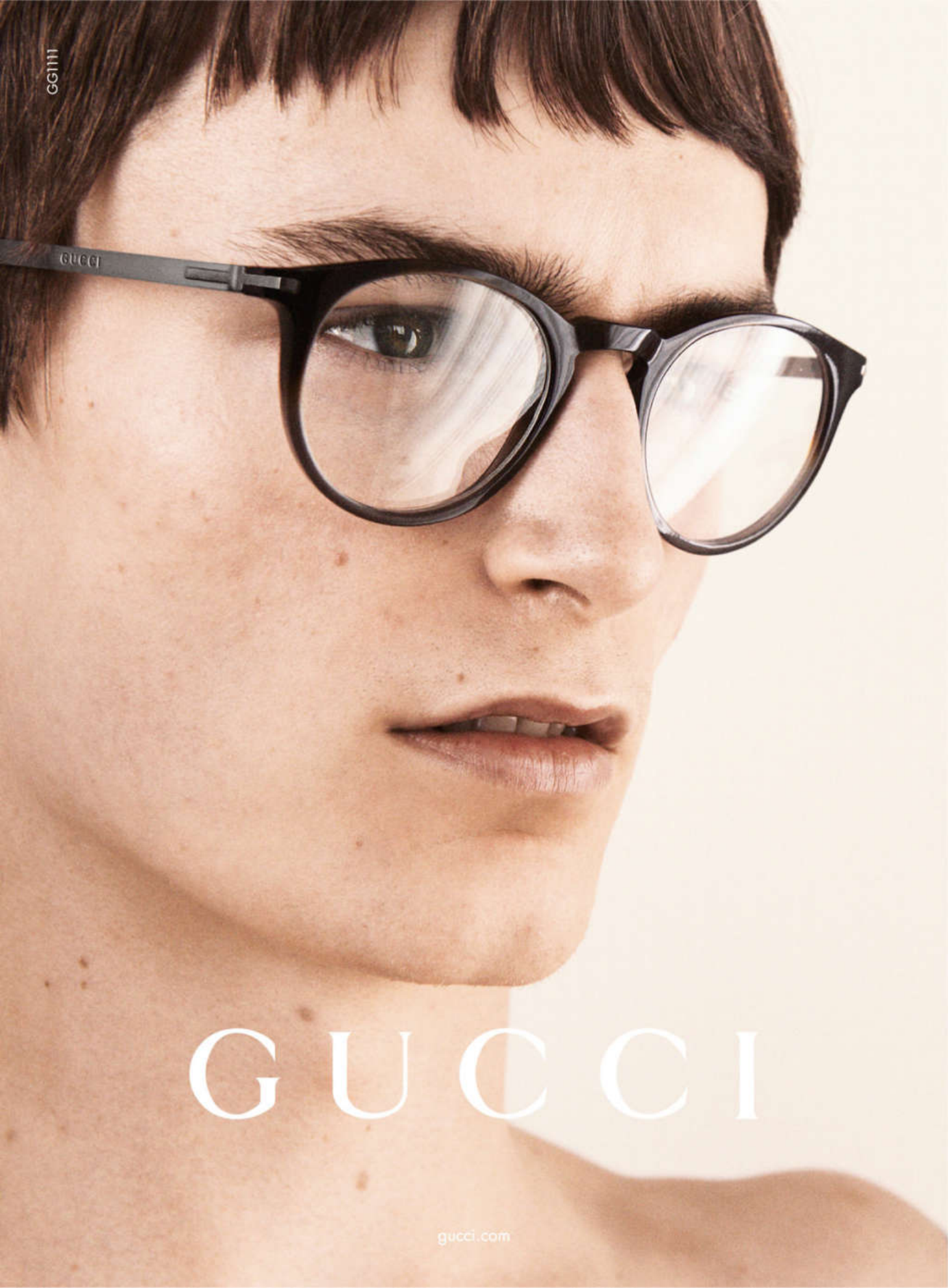
From the editors of Hodinkee, a guide to the four most significant complications in watch history: chronograph, GMT, annual calendar, and power reserve.

LAST WORD

116 | SHOULD YOU ... GO TO ART BASEL MIAMI BEACH?

The fair promises to be bigger than ever this year. We weigh the pros and cons of heading to the beach to soak in all the art.

By Mark Yarm



GUCCI



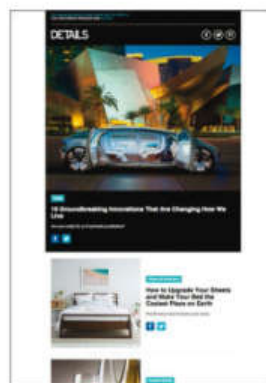
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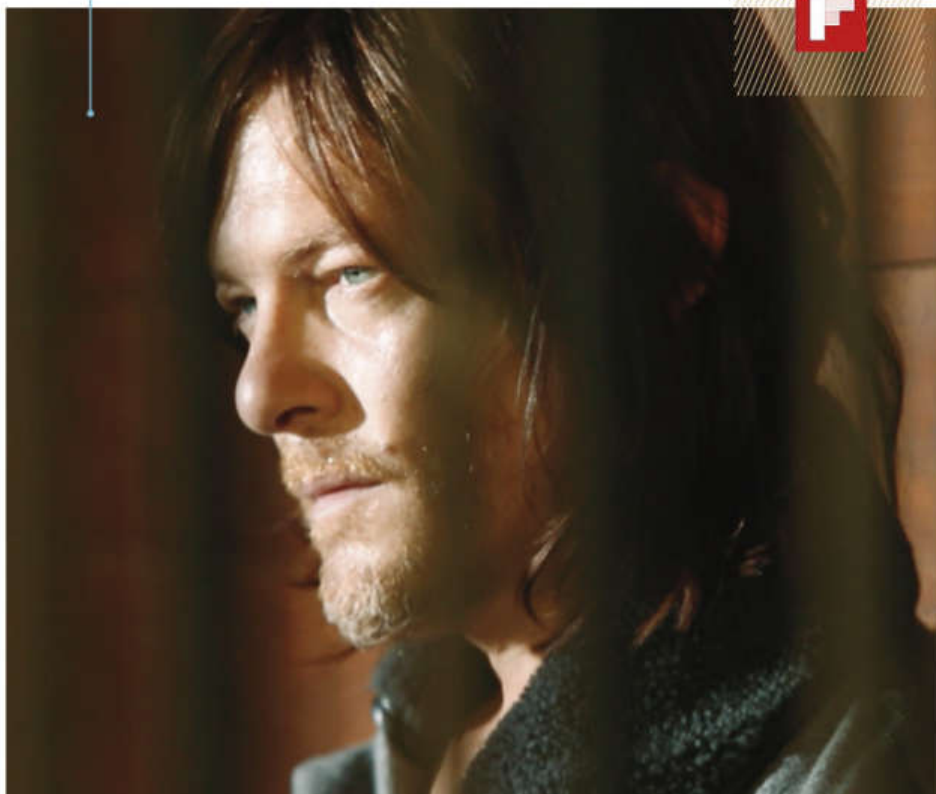
BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH THIS MONTH'S
COVER STAR,
NORMAN REEDUS

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NEED TO KNOW ABOUT
DRESSING UP AS THE
TEMPERATURE DROPS

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PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER.

A close-up, profile shot of a young man with short brown hair, looking down and adjusting the collar of his white dress shirt. He is wearing a dark grey tweed jacket. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey.

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HE POPE LOOKS TINY.

He's like a little Lego figure cloaked in white climbing out of a Matchbox car. I'm standing at the window in my office on the 39th floor of One World Trade Center, a.k.a. the Freedom Tower, watching this giant of a man slowly walk away from his now-famous Fiat 500L and make his way across the plaza to the 9/11 memorial hundreds of feet below.

I am transfixed. Awed, even. And while I am not a Catholic and I disagree with his positions on a variety of issues, I can't help but be struck by the pope's compassion, to say nothing of the seemingly limitless energy he has displayed on his trip to the United States.

It should also be said that I'm a huge fan of the Fiat 500L, which I have long believed to be the holiest of automobiles. You see, I once drove one on the streets of Milan, and if you've ever driven in Italy, you know that it takes nothing less than the grace of God to get from point A to point B in one piece.

The Fiat 500L, it turns out, has gotten nearly as much attention as the Holy Father himself and has come to represent the austere fashion in which he has chosen to live. It also stands in stark contrast to the intended subject of this letter: an article in this issue about a \$500 million house being built in Los Angeles.

So I find myself somewhat conflicted as I sit back down

at my computer to write about a 100,000-square-foot home complete with jellyfish tanks and a casino while the Man in White and his sensible ride are just downstairs. It would appear at first glance that the idea of simplicity, sacrifice, and service is at odds with that of gilded excess, over-the-top spending, and infinity pools.

The truth, however, is that both have become awe-inspiring. We are all voyeurs these days, marveling at the people living both of these extreme lifestyles. In fact, one becomes considerably less interesting without the other.

When the house that Christopher Bagley writes about ("What You Get for . . . \$500 Million in Los Angeles," page 108) is finally finished in 2017, it will be twice the size of the White House and have a master bedroom that is larger than most single-family homes. We had to attach a camera to a drone and shoot the property from above in order to truly capture its scope (top).

I am fascinated by its vulgarity, in much the same way that I was captivated by the pope's refusal to live in the Vatican's sumptuous Apostolic Palace. I'm an equal-opportunity rubbernecker.

The pope, meanwhile, might do well to take note of the \$500 million house. Yes, it lacks the simplicity that he has come to appreciate in a home, but it does have a 30-car garage. That'll hold a heck of a lot of Fiat 500Ls. —D.P.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEVIN COOLEY.

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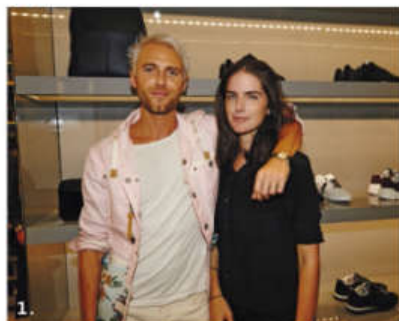
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DIOR HOMME TAILOR'S CUT

To celebrate Dior Homme's digital installation of Tailor's Cut, we co-hosted an event with celebrity fashion stylist, Keshia McLeod. Guests explored the made-to-measure offerings of Dior Homme over cocktails and music. Notable guests included actress Analeigh Tipton, Brooklyn Nets player Rondae Hollis-Jefferson, New York Jets player Darrelle Revis, One Dapper Street's Marcel Floruss, Tim Bryan, BMX rider Nigel Sylvester and more.

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1



1 / Gabriel-Kane Day-Lewis

MODEL, "MILITARY INFLUENCE," P. 88

Behind the scenes:

"I was dressed in military-themed clothing. I kind of felt like I was getting into character, maybe a sergeant that had some serious work to take care of and was just posing for an early-1900s portrait."

Guilty pleasure: "An iced French-vanilla skim latte."

Can't live without: "My matte-black feather pendant. It's a necklace my father [Daniel Day-Lewis] gave me, and it's my indispensable accessory."

Digital platform: Instagram—@gabrieldaylewis
Bona fides: Day-Lewis is a recording artist/model who recently released his first single, "Ink in My Veins."

2



2 / Jan Welters

PHOTOGRAPHER, "WISEGUY: SEAL," P. 27

Behind the scenes:

"The shoot with Seal was quite intimate, in this little studio in West Hollywood. The inspiration for the session was fifties jazz portraits."

Off the clock: "I like hiking the trails of Topanga Canyon in California."

Culture fix: "Higher Truth by Chris Cornell."

Listening to on repeat: "'Landslide' by Fleetwood Mac."

3



Bona fides: Welters has shot for *Vanity Fair*, *Marie Claire*, and *Vogue*.

3 / Jennifer Livingston

PHOTOGRAPHER, "THE BREAKOUT: THE AFFAIR'S RUTH WILSON," P. 32

Behind the scenes:

"Ruth brought such amazing energy, emotion, and movement to the shoot. The vibes couldn't have been better."

Culture fix: "I'm really into [the Broadway shows] *An American in Paris* and *Hamilton*."

Go-to outfit: "When I shoot, heels and something sleeveless."

Current obsession: "The new Whitney Museum."

Digital platform: Instagram—@livingstonjenny

Bona fides: Livingston is a New York-based photographer who has shot for *Harper's Bazaar*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and *Cherry Bombe*.

4



4 / Hal Espen

WRITER, "AND THE FIRST AMERICANS SHALL BE LAST," P. 82

Behind the scenes:

"Native American tribes are sometimes called 'the third sovereign' in the U.S., alongside the federal government and the 50 states. In the case of same-sex marriage, the June 2015 Supreme Court

5



6



decision has left some major tribes that ban gay marriage isolated. I wanted to find the human story across the legal and cultural divide between our two worlds."

Off the clock: "Living in New Mexico, I'm lucky to step outside into a big, empty world of mountains and desert, usually with my Australian shepherd, Alice."

Listening to on repeat: "Father John Misty's 'Strange Encounter.'"

Can't live without: "My Field Notes notebook."

Digital platform: Website—stoneturtable.net
Bona fides: Espen has been an editor at *The New Yorker* and the editor-in-chief of *Outside* magazine and has written for *The Atlantic*, *Interview*, and the *Los Angeles Times*.

5 / Doug Brod

WRITER, COVER STORY: NORMAN REEDUS, P. 96

Behind the scenes:

"I wanted to get to the root of Norman's creative impulses, and I knew that he's into bizarre art, so I figured that a stroll through the Museum of Sex might lead to a revealing conversation."

Listening to on repeat:

"The Pre New, 'Psychedelic Lies.'"

Current obsession: "The novels of Michel Houellebecq."

Digital platform:

Twitter—@dougbrod

Bona fides: A former editor-in-chief of *TV Guide Magazine* and *Spin*, Brod is working on a book about seventies arena rock.

6 / Christopher Bagley

WRITER, "WHAT YOU GET FOR... \$500 MILLION IN LOS ANGELES," P. 108

Behind the scenes:

"We wanted to ask why someone would build a \$500 million spec house—and why someone else might buy it. Whoever buys the property should be sure to have some cash left over for maintenance. Nile [Miami, the developer] told me that upkeep will probably cost a few million dollars a year, and property taxes will be another few million."

Culture fix: "I recently finished all five seasons of *Friday Night Lights* and am having trouble finding a worthy replacement."

Listening to on repeat:

"Rufus Wainwright's *Want One*."

Digital platform:

Website—christopherbagley.com

Bona fides: Bagley, a former writer and editor at *W*, has written for publications such as *Condé Nast Traveler*, *Departures*, and *Architectural Digest*.

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WISEGUY

Q&A

SEAL, 52, HAS SURVIVED HOMELESSNESS, MUSIC-INDUSTRY MADNESS, AND TABLOID GOSSIP BY WORKING AT MCDONALD'S, WRITING TIMELESS POP SONGS, AND YES, GETTING A LITTLE CRAZY. CONTINUED →

→ CONTINUED

Q: *You're releasing your ninth studio album this month. Do you fret about chart positions and sales at this point in your career?*

A: Obviously, I'd like to see it do well, but the record's already successful for me. As a singer, you get to express yourself in a medium that communicates with lots of people. It's the same as going to a shrink. You know that old adage "A problem shared is a problem halved"? You're able to express what you internalize on a massive level. Suddenly, the burden is no longer that heavy.

Q: *So is it fair to assume that the song "The Big Love Has Died" is about the end of your nine-year marriage to Heidi Klum?*

A: I wouldn't say that. I never explain songs, because I think that takes something from them. I want listeners to attach their own, personal experiences. It's why you won't find lyrics with the album. I always think if people are vaguely interested in what goes on in my life, they can listen and form their own opinions. I always loved Joni Mitchell's storytelling. Was it autobiographical? It must have been, but I never felt that way. I felt that she was singing to me about my life and that she just understood.

Q: *What about "Kiss From a Rose" from Batman Forever? You're probably the only person whose career benefited from that film.*

A: That song had already been released. It charted briefly, and then it was gone. I was in the studio recording my third album when Joel [Schumacher] called and said he needed a song. My manager sent it to him. He called back the next

day and said, "It doesn't fit the love scene between Kidman and Kilmer, but I really like it. I'm going to put it over the end credits." We made a video. Next thing you know—three Grammys and 8 million albums. These days, kids think I was Batman. It taught me a lot about the industry. People tell you they know what will be a hit. Nobody knows shit. It was always a good song. Was it a hit? It wasn't the first time around.

Q: *Is it annoying to hear fans calling for it 20 years later?*

A: Hell no! That's not annoying at all! From their mouths to God's ears, as far as I'm concerned. Any artist should be so lucky to have one song in their career that people still want to hear.

Q: *The industry is tougher today than it was when you released your debut album in 1991. If you had it to do over, would you still choose music as a career?*

A: I couldn't imagine doing anything else. But it's a different business, and not just from a financial standpoint. Things like Spotify and iTunes have completely changed the experience of being a fan. When we were kids, we didn't just buy an album; we subscribed to that artist, their philosophy, the way they saw the world. Record labels weren't dealing with the situation of diminished returns. We were afforded the luxury of failure. Nowadays, you're fucked. And for the most part, the charts are full of music with all the integrity of commercial jingles. It drives me nuts when you hear a song on the radio, like, "There's a message on my tele-tele-

tele-phone-phone-phone-ph-phone." That's just fucking laziness!

Q: *Rihanna's "Umbrella" is like that.*

A: That's an exception. That's actually a really good song. [Laughs]

Q: *You grew up in and out of foster care in London and were homeless for a bit. What was that like?*

A: It wasn't as bad as some people's situations. I was homeless by choice. At another point, I was squatting in a derelict house that I broke into and tidied up a bit. I slept on a mattress I placed on one of those wood pallets forklifts use to lift concrete. I was on the dole for a while. My first job was at a McDonald's in Kentish Town, which was good character-building stuff. Girls from school would come and tease me about the brown uniform, which was about three sizes too small.

Q: *You also spent a year touring Asia.*

A: It's one of my fondest memories. I was traveling in Thailand, and one night I decided to get up with this Bangkok blues band and sing. I was drunk, and they were playing some Hendrix. It went down really well with the tourists, so the owner asked me back. He said, "I'll pay you 1,100 baht"—roughly \$30—which meant I could live for another two months. A bungalow was around 30 baht—less than a dollar—a night.

Q: *The Daily Mail recently reported that you and Australian model Erica Packer are expecting a child. Are congratulations in order?*

A: Ah, you've read the rumors! I'm going to be annoying and say if you read it in a magazine . . . The fact that people are even remotely interested in if I'm becoming a father again is ridiculous.

Q: *Any guesses on the number of babies conceived to your music?*

A: I would hope lots. After all, that's what it's for. ■

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THERE'S BEEN AN EXPLOSION IN a top-secret science lab. A group of researchers are trapped. But an acid leak threatens to contaminate the water supplies of several U.S. states, so the government is going to destroy the lab, sacrificing the scientists, unless the liquid can be contained. Fortunately, there's someone on the scene who can help. He has no tools. He does, however, have a candy bar—and the knowledge that sugar and sulfuric acid react to form a sealant (at least on TV). Hole plugged. Lives saved. All in a day's work for MacGyver.

Back when the mulleted master first appeared in 1985, this is what constituted resourcefulness—or at least our shared cultural understanding of it. You had to “look at what you have and ask yourself, ‘Is there a way to turn this into what I need?’” says Lee David Zlotoff, *MacGyver's* creator. That koan of wisdom is how we got fire about a million years ago and the wheel around 3500 B.C. Today, though, necessity isn't the mother of invention—inanity is. Rendered rapid by

the virality of the Internet, creative problem-solving has devolved into something more insipid than ingenious, more *MacGruber* than *MacGyver*: life-hacking.

In today's world, *everything* is a life hack—a compulsive atomization of personal and material improvement commonly involving inventive applications for wire hangers (fashion a microphone stand!) and duct tape (open a stubborn jar lid!). JesusHacks.com offers tips to live like Christ—“Jesus Never Set Goals. He Did This Instead.” Google “hacks from prison” and you'll get more than a million results, none of which can touch El Chapo's tunnel.

There are hacks to get stronger (lifehack.org suggests taking supplements “that are proven to work”) and slimmer (weather.com advises blasting the AC) and have better sex (women should wear socks, according to redbookmag.com, because warm feet calm fear), and there are hacks to improve your time management, mood, and desk organization (unwieldy electrical cords, meet binder clip). But if we want to get stronger, why would

we take nutritional supplements proven *not* to work? If we want to get slimmer, here's an idea: Eat less and exercise. And if women want to have better sex, maybe they should look less at hosiery and more at why they're intimate with partners who scare them in the first place.

The coinage was innocent enough. In 2003, tech writer Danny O'Brien used the term *life hack* to describe how programmers were creating shortcuts to make their daily lives more efficient. What started as geek-speak went viral soon after with the launch of YouTube, which gave anyone with any hack a platform to make the idiotic into an infomercial. But while it's one thing to find solutions to actual problems, it's another to act like an innovator because you're able to open canned tuna without a can opener (this video, by CrazyRussianHacker, has nearly 26 million views). In its current state, life-hacking is mostly about rigging ever-more-mundane objects for amusement. The term is devalued. “It's a scary thing. We have an environment today in which

people use unverified sources of data with great abandon,” says the retired astronaut Ken Mattingly. “It's easy to confuse hype with good ideas.” If you don't recognize the name, Mattingly, portrayed in the movie *Apollo 13* by Gary Sinise, played a major role in what could be (but luckily isn't) called one of history's great hacks. Left behind on terra firma, he helped jury-rig equipment to return the crippled spacecraft to Earth after an oxygen tank exploded, severely limiting the power, navigation, and air-filtration systems. Mattingly, now 79, has never heard of life-hacking; he preaches “constant preparation” instead.

But that, of course, takes work and accountability. The more we oh-so-cleverly hack our bad habits, the more we can avoid developing good ones. In Germany, there's an elevator that drops you off on the wrong floor so you're forced to exercise. *Lift-hacking!* A start-up called Digit siphons money from your bank account to trick you into saving. *Thrift-hacking!* It all suggests that our brains are actually backsliding. “I saw one about cupcakes,” says the comedian Maddox, whose anti-life-hacking YouTube video has almost 2 million hits. “There are all these techniques about how to eat them. The main one is you cut the cupcake in half, horizontally, put the bottom on top, and make a sandwich. The life hack requires utensils. The whole point of a cupcake is that it's a portable dessert. If you need to use utensils, then just have fucking cake.” ■

Stop Calling Everything a Life Hack

So you figured out how to rub scratches off your furniture using a walnut? Congratulations, but hold the hype—this doesn't make you anything but a more mundane MacGyver.



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BY MEREDITH BRYAN • PHOTOGRAPHS BY JENNIFER LIVINGSTON



The Affair's Ruth Wilson

With a new season of Showtime's hit drama, the 33-year-old Golden Globe-winning British actress is disproving the old adage that cheaters never prosper.

CONTINUED →



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→ CONTINUED

"I HAVE TECHNIQUES," SAYS RUTH Wilson, describing how she descends into the fragile head space of grieving Montauk, New York, waitress Alison Lockhart on the hit Showtime series *The Affair*. "I listen to Sigur Rós, Lamb, orchestral songs. I think about wanting to go home"—to family and friends in London, where she recently bought a flat—"and the tears come fairly quickly." Wilson pauses. "That sounds awful. I'm not that depressing!"

Indeed, the 33-year-old Kent native, unlike her character, has little difficulty expressing herself. "Yeah, sorry," she says, practically shrugging, when asked about the show's dim view of marriage. "We're still sort of living with this institution that was es-

tablished years ago for other reasons, and though we've changed socially and economically, it's not quite adapted."

Bleak but compulsively watchable, *The Affair*—for which Wilson won a Golden Globe for Best Actress earlier this year—serves up increasingly remorseless adulterous lovers with a side helping of murder. Alison, who lost her young son, palliates her pain in the bed of Noah Solloway, a bored Brooklyn family man played by Dominic West. Though in the second season, they're naked less often, perhaps because they're cohabiting. "You'll still get sex," Wilson clarifies. "I'm just not having to do it as much." Luckily, there's also plenty of Wilson's searching, blue-eyed gaze

and the most evocative lips since the Rolling Stones' logo. As Alison, she's sexy, broken, and unknowable, communicating more in stares than in sentences. The spell she casts on Noah extends to the viewer, too; you can't take your eyes off her.

Wilson was equally hypnotic, if less emotive, as Alice Morgan, the psychopathic scientist on the BBC's *Luther*, a dark detective series starring Idris Elba that introduced her to American audiences. She's been in New York a year and a half now, just long enough to pick up a Tony nomination—for her role as a Cambridge academic in *Constellations*, opposite Jake Gyllenhaal—and a couple of local affectations. "I do a lot of

SoulCycle and yoga," she unapologetically admits.

But *The Affair* has been so emotionally "lacerating" that Wilson needs more than a stationary bike to decompress; she recently escaped to Nevada for Burning Man. "It felt like something out of *Mad Max*," she says. "I've never been anywhere so bizarre." The real vacation, however, begins this month, when she'll return to London to play a sultry alien alongside Nicole Kidman in the director John Cameron Mitchell's sci-fi comedy *How to Talk to Girls at Parties*—finally, a project that explores a less gloomy side of love. "I get to wear latex, and shoes in the shape of butt plugs," Wilson says with a laugh. "I can't wait!" ■

STYLING BY MATTHEW MARDEN. HAIR BY ANDREW FITZSIMONS USING ORIBE AT ABTP. MAKEUP BY CLAUDIA LAKE FOR MAKE UP FOR EVER HD ULTRA HD FOUNDATION.



This page: Jumpsuit by **Haider Ackermann**. Previous page: Robe by **Jil Sander**. Shoes by **Brian Atwood**.

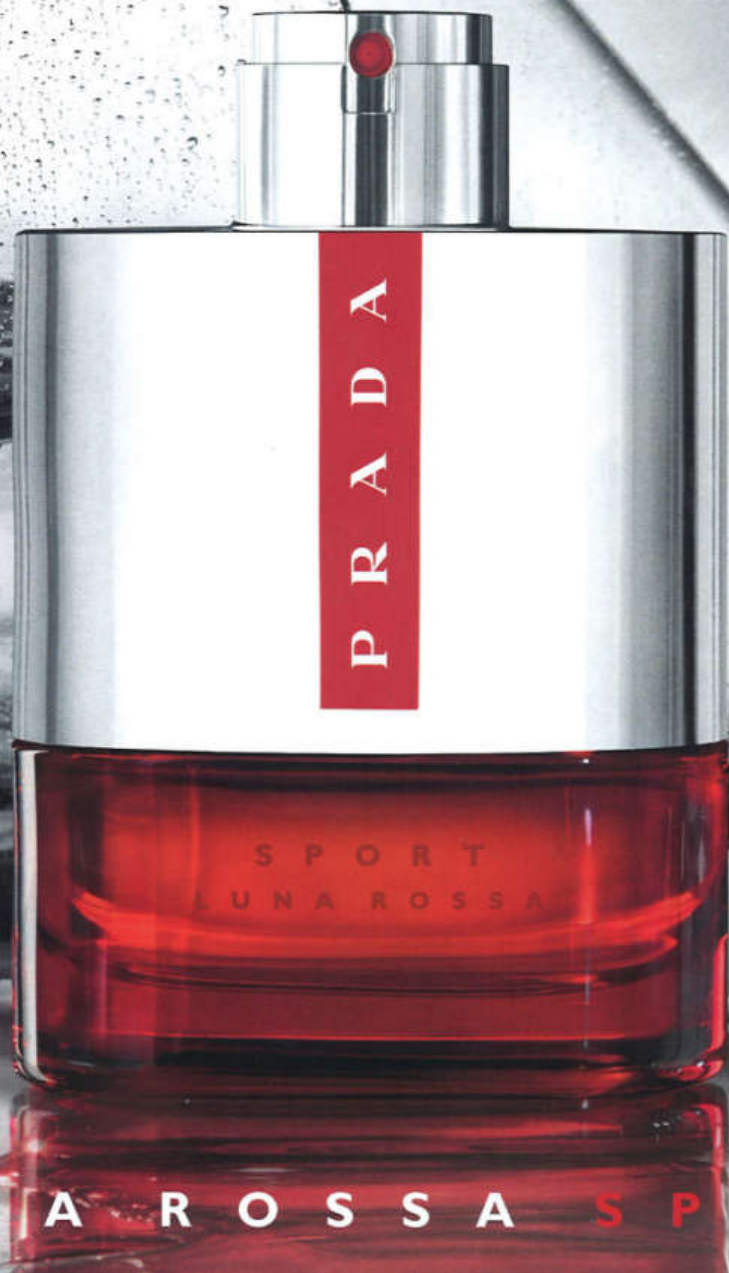
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PHOTOGRAPHS, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: COURTESY OF PUBLISHER; LIANE HENTSCHER/AMAZON STUDIOS; DEIRDRE O'CALLAGHAN (2); COURTESY OF OPEN ROAD FILMS; GETTY IMAGES.



BOOK
A NEW
COLLECTION FROM
THE MASTER OF
HORROR

Although Stephen King is most celebrated for brick-thick behemoths like *The Stand* and *Under the Dome*, he's arguably at his best when writing short. *The Bazaar of Bad Dreams* (Scribner,

\$30) assembles 18 of his recent stories (and two poems!), some brand-new and some previously published in high-toned places like *The New Yorker* and *Granta*. The collection shows off his prodigious range, from Raymond Carver-mode quiet domestic dramas of alcoholism and broken marriage to the splatterific monster-car and demon-child tales of his salad days. But in all of them, the most frightening evils are the ones that uncannily evoke our own worst tendencies. *Out November 3*.

TV
GREETINGS FROM
NAZI AMERICA



The average dystopian drama doesn't hit as close to home as *The Man in the High Castle*, mainly because "home" in this gripping counterfactual thriller is an America ruled by the Axis powers 15 years after World War II. Produced by Ridley Scott and based on the novel by Philip K. Dick, the series presents a jarring image of domestic occupation—a bombed-out D.C., San Francisco's airport rechristened for Hirohito, an enormous swastika replacing the iconic Coca-Cola sign in Times Square—while a shadowy resistance force spreads newsreel footage of a perplexing alternate history: an Allied victory. *Ten episodes available November 20 on Amazon Prime Instant Video*.

MUSIC
A SIDE PROJECT
WITH MAINSTREAM
APPEAL

Matt Berninger, front-man of the National and subject of the excellent 2014 rockumentary *Mistaken for Strangers*, has accomplished a rare musical feat: a side band that isn't simply a vanity project. *Return to the Moon*, his collaboration with Menomena's Brent Knopf under the name EL VY (pronounced like the Latin plural of Elvis) finds Berninger's familiar melancholic baritone brightened up considerably with plinking keys and wry lyrics about drinking Malin+Goetz products and flying kites with his private parts (from the groovy track "I'm the Man to Be"). Maybe EL VY won't be the kings of rock and roll—but they make for surprisingly effective jesters. *Out October 30*.

THE YES LIST

COFFEE-TABLE BOOK
DYLAN DECONSTRUCTED

Few musicians are as prolific and puzzled over as Bob Dylan, whose half-century in the business has resulted in 525 songs and at least twice as many myths. In the exhaustive 704-page *Bob Dylan: All the Songs* (Black Dog & Leventhal, \$50), Philippe Margotin and Jean-Michel Guesdon offer enlightening backstory on the folk legend's recording process, arsenal of instruments, and enigmatic lyrics. Is "She Belongs to Me" about Nico or Joan Baez? Are Edie Sedgwick and Andy Warhol the "Miss Lonely" and "Napoleon in rags" from "Like a Rolling Stone"? How many lines did the sticky-fingered songwriter really borrow? The answers, my friends, are here. *Out October 27*.

FILM
THE OSCAR
CONTENDER THAT
PROVES IT'S
ALL IN THE
CASTING



Fraught subject matter (a sex-abuse scandal), a fusty setting (the *Boston Globe's* newsroom), and a director whose last movie scored a whopping 9 percent on Rotten Tomatoes (Tom McCarthy, *The Cobbler*) would seem to make *Spotlight* an unsafe bet. But spirited receptions at the Venice and Toronto International film festivals have elevated this taut drama—

about the journalists who exposed a massive cover-up by the Catholic Archdiocese in 2001—to its deserved status as a Best Picture front-runner. The secrets to its success: stars Michael Keaton, Mark Ruffalo, Rachel McAdams, and John Slattery, who click as perfectly as Redford, Hoffman, and Robards in *All the President's Men*. *In theaters November 6*.

THE “IT” DISH DECONSTRUCTED

SAMESA’S CHICKEN SHAWARMA

At their new Brooklyn eatery, brothers Max and Eli Sussman focus their haute cuisine pedigrees on the humble shawarma, a Middle Eastern favorite that was a staple of their Detroit childhood.

MAX SUSSMAN: “Our love of shawarma—and our pursuit of this sandwich—starts with our childhood in Detroit. It’s just a really common thing there, part of a Middle Eastern menu that you see across southeast Michigan. We’re trying to make an awesome version of that, a cross between what we grew up with and a healthy, fresh answer to the street meat that’s all over New York. There’s definitely good fast-food shawarma in the U.S., but we’re trying to take the next logical step—creating a damn good sandwich, but also thinking about all the components in a really thoughtful manner.”

ELI SUSSMAN: “It all starts with the pita. By making it ourselves, we know it’s going to be a super-fresh product, versus something we buy from the bakery that’s a day old by the time it hits our customers. A white-flour pita that you get at the supermarket has a sort of gummy doughiness to it—ours isn’t like that.”

MAX: “We use a wide mix of flours: bread flour, whole-wheat flour, wheat germ, plus a sprouted-grain mix that has quinoa, chickpea flour, amaranth flour, and a couple of other grains. We use a multi-

stage fermentation to build flavor and texture, so the whole process is several days long.”

ELI: “Then there’s the chicken, which we cook on a vertical spit. We use organic thighs because they’re really perfect for that type of cooking—you’re constantly releasing moisture from the meat as it rotates, and breasts would dry out too quickly. Plus, thighs just taste really good. They marinate well and hold so much flavor inside.”

MAX: “We make a marinade that includes yogurt, lemon juice, herbs, and spices, and we marinate it overnight before spit-roasting it.”

ELI: “The next building block of the sandwich is our *zhug*, which

is a traditional Middle Eastern condiment that comes in two main varieties: red, which is super-spicy, and green, which is creamier and brighter. We experimented with extra-potent versions of the red stuff at pop-ups, but the green won out because it has honey in it. It’s that perfect mix of sweet and spicy. To make it, we purée a whole mess of ingredients—jalapeños, olive oil, cilantro, coriander, honey, and lemon juice—until it creates this perfect, smooth sauce.”

MAX: “Our salad is pretty traditional—cucumber, tomatoes, onion, and mint leaves—but we make it with really fresh ingredients, always trying to use local or organic vegetables when possible. That gets paired with an incredibly rich tahini-buttermilk sauce

that adds a nice tangy bit of acidity, which is something that’s missing from most versions.

“Some people do shawarma in the pocket style, but we actually wrap it.”

ELI: “Think of it like an open-ended burrito-style wrap, where the bottom is sealed like a cross-hatch and you wrap it from the bottom up, leaving the top inch or two exposed from the paper, open to see.

“The thing is, we’re not really trying to elevate shawarma, because even bad shawarma is really good. We’re just putting our own spin on it.” ■





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NATURAL WINE

THE GREAT

In the annals of alcohol-fueled arguments, it might not be up there with “tastes great” versus “less filling.” But as the hype around the new wave of additive-free bottles builds, that could change.

DEBATE

SET DESIGN BY BETTE ADAMS FOR MARY HOWARD STUDIO.



BY JIM CLARKE ■ PHOTOGRAPH BY VICTOR PRADO



IT'S ESTIMATED THAT NATURAL wines represent no more than one percent of the total market (there's no exact count). But given all the recent buzz about them, you'd think they are all anyone is drinking.

As they've swept through hipster redoubts into bourgeois boîtes, natural wines—so named because the grapes are only minimally manipulated from vine to bottle—have received a preposterous amount of praise, even inspiring former indie-music icons to open bars dedicated to them (more on that later). And now some are starting to ask if the emperor has no clothes and we're too drunk to notice. "I'm worried that the consumer is being bombarded by natural wines because it's trendy," says Greg Castells, president of Martine's Wines in Novato, California.

Here, the pros and cons, so you know what to make of the hype and the hate and you can sound natural talking about natural wine.

The Case For

Creative types in gentrified enclaves swoon over natural wines for the same reasons they fell for organic kale: They want to know exactly what they're putting, and *not* putting, in their bodies. Without getting too *Sideways*, the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax and Trade Bureau allows more than 70 additives (Mega Purple for color, tartaric acid to lower pH, etc.) to a bottle, almost none of which have to be named on the label. The natural-wine-making process eschews additives, however, and that means a flavor profile with more terroir, enthusiasts say. "Natural wines show more sense of place," says Arnaud Tronche, co-owner of Racines, a Manhattan bar specializing in the type. "Syrah that tastes the same from 10 different places is not normal."

It's hard to argue against transparency. "If we labeled wine with what is added, then we wouldn't be having this debate," says Jenny Lefcourt, cofounder of the

New York City importing company Jenny & François Selections. Marketers pretend it's all grapes, soil, and sunshine, even as industrial wine-making has grown into a high-tech enterprise. And what's great for efficiency and volume, critics of conventional methods say, comes at the cost of character: Natural wines aren't coerced down familiar paths. Drinkers think of them as "weirder," in a good way, says Justin Chearno, wine consultant to the Four Horsemen, a bar-restaurant specializing in natural wines that former LCD Soundsystem frontman James Murphy opened in Brooklyn this June.

The Case Against

"Sommeliers are into things that are small and unique and that they can talk about; it doesn't mean it's pleasurable," says Joel Peterson, cofounder of Ravenswood Winery in Sonoma, California. Everything that makes natural wines weird—*good* weird—also makes them wild cards. There's a lot to be said for techniques established after World War II—they deliver a consistent taste from vintage to vintage and prevent you from toasting with something that's turned to vinegar. (The really low-end stuff was rough going long before the industry developed treatments that made poor grapes taste passable.)

One thing missing that hurts natural wines? Sulfites, which *would* have to be mentioned on a label. Adding them is an insurance policy: Sulfites fight oxidation, which can flatten fruit aromas. "If I'm going to buy \$100,000 worth of wine," Castells says, "you're going to have to add sulfur dioxide. These wines aren't cheap—some are \$75 a bottle—and I need to provide that peace of mind to my customers." There's incredible variation case to case, bottle to bottle, sometimes even glass to glass with natural wines. Uncork and . . . cross your fingers.

Natural-wine-making is a weird science, and not everyone practic-

ing it got straight A's. "This movement embraces young people," Chearno says. "It's like someone who leaves a corporate job to grow vegetables or make artisanal knives. People have to learn in the market." Christian Binner of Domaine Christian Binner in Alsace, France, which has been making wine since 1770 and uses exclusively natural methods, says: "People think you can just throw grapes in the tank and it's natural wine. It's very difficult. You need the sensitivity, the emotion, and the sensibility."

You need to understand yeasts. (Seriously—bear with us.) Natural-wine-makers rely on organically occurring ones, not more predictable lab yeasts. "Wild" yeasts leave more room for other microbes to grow. One of the most common is *Brettanomyces*, or "brett," a yeast that adds an earthy aroma oenophiles describe as "mousy" or "horse blanket," not adjectives you'd want to hear coming from the mouth of a sommelier. Another crap shoot is volatile acidity, which in small amounts accents fruit aromas or can smell like balsamic dressing. And drinkers don't always know when they've wandered too far into Funkytown. "Sometimes a wine is too 'bretty,' but people say they like it," Tronche says. "It's sad that they just accept it."

We won't, as our comfort level in saying "Send it back, it's too 'bretty'" grows.

The Verdict

Choose carefully, preferably with the help of a knowledgeable bartender or somm—and be honest about what you like, because natural wine is here to stay. "It's not a fad," says Jorge Riera, wine director at Wildair, a new restaurant in Manhattan specializing in natural wines. "That's like calling the Greenmarket in Union Square a fad." Of course, at a greenmarket, you can spot the spoiled produce ahead of time. So cheers—which is to say, go ahead and drink anything but the Kool-Aid. ■

License to Thrill: A Guide to James Bond's Wildest Rides

Envision a Bond car and you'll likely picture an exotic model like the Aston Martin DB10 that 007 steers in this month's *Spectre*. But in 24 previous turns on screen, he's piloted a surprisingly varied array of vehicles (in one film, he never drives on land—go figure). Here, the cool, the less cool . . . and a nine-horsepower Citroën.

1962 **DR. NO**
1962 Sunbeam Alpine Series II
Sean Connery



1963 **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**
1935 Bentley Mark IV Drophead 3.5 Litre
Sean Connery



1964-65 **GOLDFINGER AND THUNDERBALL**
1963 Aston Martin DB5
Sean Connery



1967 **YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE**
1967 Toyota 2000 GT
Sean Connery



1969 **ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE**
1968 Aston Martin DBS
George Lazenby



1971 **DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER**
1971 Ford Mustang Mach 1
Sean Connery



1973 **LIVE AND LET DIE**
1963 Chevy Impala
Roger Moore



1974 **THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN**
1974 AMC Hornet
Roger Moore



1977 **THE SPY WHO LOVED ME**
1976 Lotus Esprit
Roger Moore



1979 **MOONRAKER**
1979 Glastron Carlson CV23HT
Roger Moore



1981 **FOR YOUR EYES ONLY**
1981 Citroën 2CV
Roger Moore



1983 **OCTOPUSSY**
1983 Alfa Romeo GTV6
Roger Moore



1983 **NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN**
1982 Yamaha XJ 650 Turbo
Sean Connery



1985 **A VIEW TO A KILL**
1962 Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud II
Roger Moore



1987 **THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS**
1985 Aston Martin V8 Vantage
Volante
Timothy Dalton



1989 **LICENSE TO KILL**
1978 Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow II
Timothy Dalton



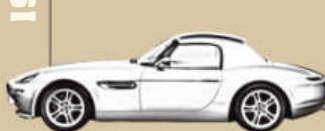
1995 **GOLDENEYE**
1996 BMW Z3
Pierce Brosnan



1997 **TOMORROW NEVER DIES**
BMW R1200 C
Pierce Brosnan



1999 **THE WORLD IS NOT ENOUGH**
1999 BMW Z8
Pierce Brosnan



2002 **DIE ANOTHER DAY**
1957 Ford Fairlane
Pierce Brosnan



2006 **CASINO ROYALE**
2006 Aston Martin DB6 V12
Daniel Craig



2008 **QUANTUM OF SOLACE**
2008 Ford Edge
Daniel Craig



2012 **SKYFALL**
2012 Jaguar XJ
Daniel Craig



2015 **SPECTRE**
2016 Aston Martin DB10
Daniel Craig



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Salvatore Ferragamo
TIMEPIECES



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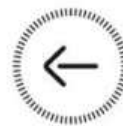
TIMEPIECES



FERRAGAMO 1898 SPORT
STAINLESS STEEL CASE WITH GREY IP TREATMENT
WATER RESISTANT TO 200 MT
ALUMINUM ROTATING BEZEL

SWISS MADE

AS TOLD TO **BILL BRADLEY**
PHOTOGRAPH BY **IAN MADDOX**



"I WAS BORN IN THE BRONX AND MOVED OUT TO Rockland County, New York, in junior high. Sports were prominent there, so I played football, lacrosse, I wrestled. In my late teens, I got into boxing, and I've never looked back.

"I train with Justin Fortune [Manny Pacquiao's conditioning coach] and former Olympian Jose Navarro. I get up at 5 A.M., have a little bit of tea, and I'm on my way to the gym. I jump rope for 15 to 20 minutes, get a good sweat going, shadow-box, do a little bag work, then I'll either spar or do mitt work. Then I'll do some ground work, a lot of core stuff. We have one routine—10-pound dumbbells, five different shoulder and arm exercises, 20 minutes nonstop—and by the end of that one, you just want to jump off a bridge. But when you're in the ring and it's the 12th round and you can't imagine continuing, every good athlete needs that type of conditioning.

"There's no better workout than boxing. Short, fast bursts of energy, constant acceleration. You're burning deep, deep fat cells and using everything you store. There's never an excuse to miss a workout. I play an MMA coach on [DirecTV's] *Kingdom*, so I work in a gym! And even if I'm not in the gym, I can do a 45-minute routine with dumbbells, a jump rope, and shadowboxing that burns a ton of calories.

"I always wanted to act, but the physical roles came later, after I did *Warrior* with Tom Hardy. I realized that if I kept myself in fighting shape, there was a niche for a guy like me. When I did *The Grey* with Liam Neeson, he had already done *Taken*, and I tried to follow his path—films that require both good acting and physicality.

"For *Captain America*, I needed to gain 15 pounds, so I did a lot of strength training and weight lifting to bulk up my chest and arms. I have a great fight scene with Chris Evans in the next one [May's *Captain America: Civil War*]. He's a jock from Boston, so when you teach Chris how to throw a punch, he's throwing punches for real. That's fun. We got black and blue. I'd go home and take Epsom-salt baths, because we'd beaten the shit out of each other.

"I stick to a paleo-centric diet—wild-caught fish, organic chicken, no grains, rice, or oats. As a wrestler, I was always cutting weight, so I was never really a foodie. My one indulgence is wine. I used to drink a shitload of red, but then I discovered a dry rosé from France called Côtes de Provence. People ask my agent what they can send me as a gift. 'Hey, what does Frank drink?' They're expecting to hear scotch or whiskey, but instead it's, 'Well, Frank likes rosé ...' It's a big joke now." ■

STYLING BY KYLIE EDWARD BLACKMON. GROOMING BY JAMAL HAMMADI AT FORWARD ARTISTS USING HAMADI BEAUTY. PHOTOGRAPHED AT FORTUNE BOXING GYM, LOS ANGELES. ROBE BY TOM FORD. SHORTS BY REIGNING CHAMP. SHOES AND BOXING GLOVES, HIS OWN.



HOW I GOT MY BODY

Kingdom Star Frank Grillo

A new season of the acclaimed MMA drama and a second big-screen battle with Captain America keep this 50-year-old boxing enthusiast in fighting shape.

Not Your Granny's Quilt

IF THE WORD *QUILT* CONJURES images of a matronly explosion of patchwork, it's time to take another look. These days, designers are making decidedly modern, masculine versions. "Traditional quilts tend to be busy—they demand attention and their own space as opposed to complementing a room," says Alexandra Gray Bennett, who in February launched the brand Louise Gray, half of whose clients are men. "Now the idea is serenity in the graphics and colors, something balanced." Like Bennett, Lindsay Stead uses traditional hand-sewing techniques, recasting classic geometric patterns in tonal blues and grays, while the eco-friendly luxury brand Coyuchi offers stone-washed coverlets inspired by South Asian *kantha* cloth in its fall collection. And this month, the Brooklyn studio Haptic Lab releases a subtle tie-dye take featuring embroidered celestial formations. Draped on your bed or hung as wall art, these pieces are bold declarations, not blanket statements.



1
Walden Night Sky
Quilt (\$550)
by Haptic Lab

2
Chama Quilt (\$1,800)
by M. Callahan Studio

3
Quilt No. 4 (\$395)
by Louise Gray

4
Collection Quilt 3
(\$1,125) by
Lindsay Stead

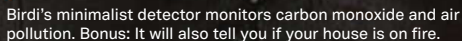
5
Cascade Coverlet
in Granite (\$298)
by Coyuchi

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THE FIRE STARTER

PROP STYLING BY LEIGH GILL

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Catch Them If You Can

Meet the Guys Gaming Luxury Travel

A hand is shown lifting a black, inverted cup. Underneath the cup, a small white airplane is visible. Two other similar black cups are on the surface to the left and right. A dashed white line curves from the text 'Meet the Guys Gaming Luxury Travel' towards the cups.

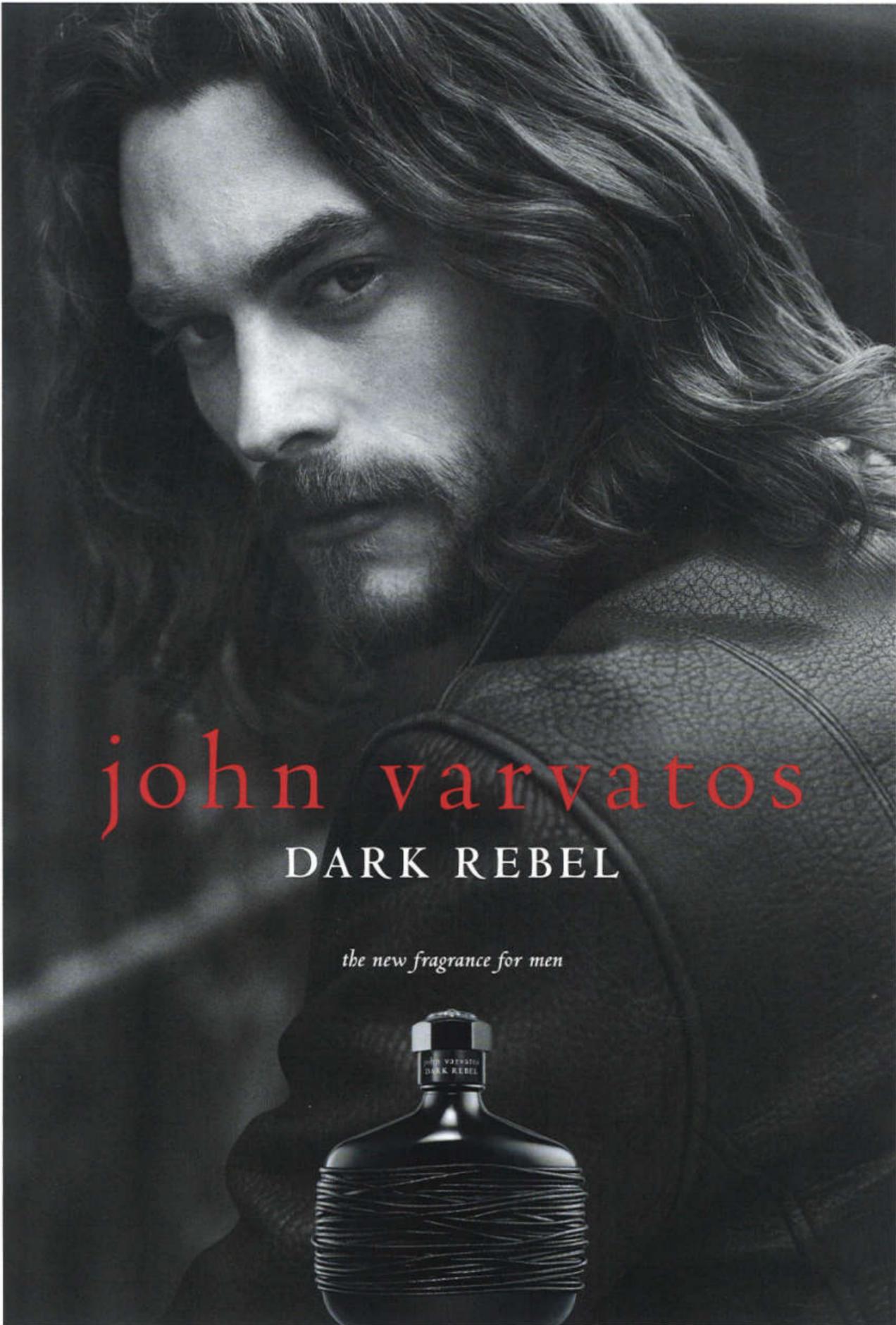
You don't have to be an oligarch or a tech mogul to get the best the airline and hospitality industries have to offer—all you need is know-how, chutzpah, and an appetite for deception.

"I'M GOING TO TAKE MY SHOWER IN THE SKY, WHICH IS AMAZING," says Brian Kelly. "And the caviar will be nice. And the Dom." Over breakfast at the Belle Époque-style Excelsior Hotel Gallia in Milan in August, Kelly is discussing his upcoming first-class flight to New York on Emirates—using Alaska Airlines frequent-flyer miles—and his life devoted to gaming the world of luxury travel. The 32-year-old New York native runs The Points Guy, a website that teaches how to maximize airline- and hotel-loyalty programs for high-end travel—shower, champagne, and caviar included. "I have the best job in the world," he says.

Kelly is part of a growing community of elite travelers who rack up hotel points and airline miles and spend their

time hunting for regulation loopholes, taking advantage of errors in published fares, and going the extra mile to manufacture spending (see sidebar) on frequent-flyer-point-accruing credit cards. "You don't have to rob the bank to live life a lot better than you would if you had to pay for it," Kelly says. "There's always a way to maximize." Like Frank Abagnale from *Catch Me if You Can*, some travelers even go as far as flirting with deception.

This elite community includes everyone from young professionals to students to retirees. Some are aviation savants who thrive on the fine print and bureaucracy. Some are jet-setters who revel in the high life and treat the game more like *The Game*, the pickup- **CONTINUED →**



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And awakens our senses to
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FROM DARKNESS COMES LIGHT



john varvatos
DARK REBEL

→ CONTINUED

artist bible. "Smart people are attracted to this 'hobby' because it's like doing a crossword puzzle," Kelly says. Or counting cards at a casino, day-trading on a laptop, or meticulously programming computer code.

Ever since major airlines started issuing frequent-flyer miles in the early eighties, savvy travelers have been searching for creative ways to accumulate them. But if the hobby had a "big bang" moment, it was likely in 1995 when

an aviation fanatic named Randy Petersen launched FlyerTalk.com, an online community that now claims more than 600,000 members. And their tactics are legion. For years, hobbyists would buy dollar coins from the U.S. Mint on credit cards that award points, hiring trucks to lug the coins (up to tens of thousands) to the bank and then depositing them to pay the balance. (The Mint put a stop to the

practice in 2011.) In 1999, David Phillips bought more than \$3,000 worth of Healthy Choice pudding in order to redeem more than a million miles. He's still reaping the benefits. Two years later, a miles-obsessed entrepreneur named Steve Belkin spotted \$8 fares between two cities in northern Thailand and hired locals to fly up to five round-trips a day for six weeks, amassing miles. After three weeks, the DEA came calling, thinking it had caught the stupidest drug runner in the world. As Gary Leff, who works with Belkin at BookYourAward.com and writes the View From the Wing blog, explains, "If there's a good deal, you might as well find a way to really scale it."

Mistake fares are Leff's favorite. The 41-year-old once flew to Italy when a \$3,300 business-class fare on Alitalia was priced at \$33.00. On another occasion, Le Méridien hotel in Khao Lak, Thailand, published rates in Ugandan shillings instead of U.S. dollars, so an oceanfront villa with a private pool was priced at just 60 cents a night. The hotel honored it at a marginally higher \$33 a night, including tax and breakfast. Leff stayed for a week.

Even as airlines squeeze economy class, they're upping the ante in business and first. A first-class ticket on Lufthansa out of Frankfurt gets you driven directly to the plane in a Porsche or a Mercedes-Benz. At Suvarnabhumi Airport in Bangkok, Thai Airways takes you from check-in to boarding in a golf cart, with a stop at the lounge for an hour-long full-body massage. Singapore Airlines has onboard suites with sliding doors, window blinds, and stand-alone beds seemingly designed to facilitate membership in the mile-high club. Etihad Airways has introduced First Apartments, complete with a chef who caters to your culinary whims. Emirates has an onboard shower and bar. "It's not often that you get to drunk-text people from a shower on a plane while drinking champagne," says Ben Schlappig, a 25-year-old from Florida who runs a travel-points booking service and blogs at One Mile at a Time. Schlappig recently spent a year living exclusively in hotels in his pursuit of the hobby.

In 1999,
David Phillips
spent more than

\$3K
ON PUDDING
to earn 1.2 million
frequent-flyer miles

UP IN THE AIR

STRATEGIES FOR GAMING THE TRAVEL SYSTEM

Apology Vouchers

Coupons offered by airlines if a passenger notes anything broken or otherwise nonfunctioning on a flight.

Flight Bumping

The practice of volunteering to take a different flight when one flight has been overbooked in exchange for a free ride, a generous voucher, or both.

Fuel Dumping

Booking technique that confuses the price algorithm to deduct the cost of fuel from a ticket, often reducing the total cost.

Hidden-City Ticketing

Making the layover on your flight the final destination. Essentially, booking a flight from point A to point C but getting off at point B. This is often cheaper than booking direct flights.

Manufacture Spending

When hobbyists use airline-affiliated credit cards to purchase what amounts to cash, like gift cards—earning miles in the process—then liquidating the purchases to pay off the cards.

Mileage Running

Constantly flying on steeply discounted flights in order to accrue frequent-flyer miles.

There are also ways to get what you want when you're already on the ground—the art of the upgrade. This is where Justin Ross Lee, a 32-year-old New York socialite, excels. Lee describes himself as many things—haberdasher, life enthusiast, founder of Pretentious Pockets pocket squares. But above all, he's a luxury-travel opportunist. "If you want an upgrade, do not ask for an upgrade. The same way if you walk into a bar and want to have sex with the most attractive woman, don't walk up to her and say, 'I want to have sex with you,'" he says.

Instead, Lee advocates printing fake business cards to get corporate hotel rates or lighting matches in hotel rooms and complaining that someone smoked there for an upgrade. He once brought a ziplock bag of broken glass to sprinkle on the hotel-room carpet (he later confessed). His standby line, though, is that the room didn't live up to expectations. Recently, he got upgraded to the \$2,000-plus-a-night Governor's Suite at the Park Hyatt, the hotel made famous in *Lost in Translation*. "What was my complaint? I couldn't see Mt. Fuji, and the website said they had views of Mt. Fuji. There needs to be an asterisk saying WEATHER PERMITTING," he says. "I told them it was my honeymoon. My entire year is a honeymoon, so how can it be false?"

All the gurus agree that there is no black-and-white code of ethics to the game—it's personal—and Lee freely admits that he is further into the gray than most. "What is okay in travel and in taking advantage of hotels and airlines and loyalty programs? When you're at a hotel and you pass a housekeeping cart, you take a soap. That's okay. What if you take two soaps? That's fine. What if you take 10 soaps? What if you roll the entire fucking cart into your room?" Lee asks unapologetically. "My travel is paid for by everyone else who doesn't know how to play the game."

"It's a far from comfortable relationship," travel analyst Henry Harteveltd says of the airlines and bloggers. While some hobbyists explain how to cheat airlines, others are actually benefiting the industry. "There is this awkward business relationship where the blogger may be generating a large number of card sign-ups, which bring the airlines money." (For their part, bloggers can make over six figures in finder's fees from the credit-card companies themselves.)

Increasingly, as the community has grown and tricks of the trade have proliferated, a rift has developed. Some view Lee and his ilk as scam artists besmirching the hobbyists' collective good name. Others resent guys like Kelly for compromising the community's closely held secrets. "Many of them hate me," Kelly admits. "I've taken our game, so to speak, and I've taken it public, which they interpret as less for them. We've doubled in size every year because it is sustainable for everyone to play this game."

In 2005, *The Economist* valued the **CONTINUED →**

Lee prints fake business cards, sprinkles crushed peanuts around his seat, and lights matches in his hotel room

ALL TO GET UPGRADES

→ CONTINUED

global stock of frequent-flyer miles at more than \$700 billion, and the airline industry has begun to fight back: Earlier this year, in an attempt to curb "mileage running," Delta and United switched to systems that award points based on money spent rather than miles accrued. (Delta declined to comment; United hadn't responded by press time.)

After breakfast at the hotel, Kelly and I head out to see Expo Milano 2015, a massive international fair. We're greeted by our personal tour guide, bypassing several city blocks' worth of people waiting in line. Kelly is getting the red-carpet treatment because he booked Etihad's first-ever Residence flight out of America, which will depart JFK for Abu Dhabi on December 1, for \$33,000—though he will get at least \$6,000 back through points and status matches. "I paid cash," he says. "But it's a business expense—the most incredible experience in the sky." The Residence is an onboard apartment with a private bathroom and shower, and Kelly booked his ticket the morning the new flight was announced. Ten minutes later, he got a call from Abu Dhabi wel-

coming him. He e-mailed to say that his preferred drink is Double Cross, a seven-times-distilled Slovakian vodka. Within 24 hours, Etihad e-mailed back: It would be chilled and waiting on his flight. "The whole experience was surreal," Kelly says.

Kelly admits to growing somewhat spoiled by the comforts of luxury, but he's still looking forward to the next big upgrade. As for that pesky gray area of mistake fares and maximizing points, Kelly doesn't worry much about it. "It's amazing to me how many people stick up for these billion-dollar airlines that exist to screw consumers, and when it's time for the consumers to do something slightly in their favor, it's like: 'How dare they? These poor airlines,'" he says. "The airlines are making billions of dollars—it's okay." ■

\$700
BILLION
The value of the global stock of frequent-flyer miles in 2005

BOOKS

THE GOSPEL OF ST. MARKS

ST. MARKS PLACE, A THREE-BLOCK STRETCH IN NEW YORK CITY'S EAST VILLAGE, has been home to gangsters, artists, poets, Marxists, Beats, hippies, Yuppies, punks, crusties, squatters, and (most recently) NYU trust-funders. In *St. Marks Is Dead: The Many Lives of America's Hippest Street* (W.W. Norton; \$28), author Ada Calhoun vividly chronicles this countercultural epicenter, tracing its origins back to the 1600s, when it was likely a humble pear orchard planted by the peg-legged Calvinist Peter Stuyvesant. Here—by address, from west to east—are highlights from St. Marks' rich, often profoundly weird history. —Mark Yarm

St. Marks

NO. 6

Site of the four-floor New St. Marks Baths, which billed itself as the largest gay bathhouse in the country, from 1979 until 1985, when it was shut down by the city at the height of the AIDS epidemic. "One short, hairy, older regular at the Baths was always naked except for a leather mask over his face. People joked that the masked man was New York City's bachelor mayor Ed Koch."

NO. 20

Location of Sounds, the record store in front of which Adam Horowitz and then-NYU student Rick Rubin collaborated on the lyrics to "Paul Revere," which eventually appeared on the Beastie Boys' 1986 breakthrough, *Licensed to Ill*. "For many years afterward, teenagers all over the city would brag—falsely, nine times out of ten—that one of the Beastie Boys had gone to their high school."

NO. 57

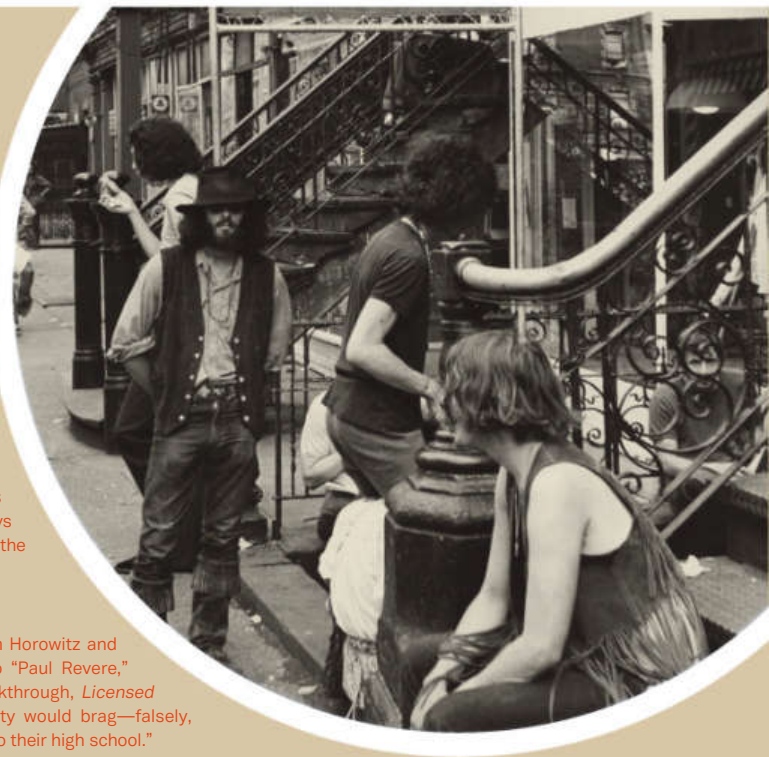
Home of Club 57, a Dada- and vaudeville-inspired performance-art and music venue in the seventies and eighties, frequented by Keith Haring. The artist was known to stencil-spray *CLONES GO HOME!* in the western edges of the East Village to ward off outsiders. "Some called it apt when, in 2015, the foot of a large Keith Haring self-portrait in metal installed at St. Marks Place and Third Avenue [clonked] a texting NYU student in the head."

NO. 77

Headquarters of the radical Russian newspaper *Novy Mir* (New World), where Marxist revolutionary Leon Trotsky worked for a few months in 1917 before returning to the motherland. Thirty-five years later, the rumpled poet W.H. Auden moved into a roach-infested second-floor flat in the building. "When neighbors dropped by the filthy apartment for drinks, Auden served martinis in jelly jars."

NO. 96

Tenement immortalized, along with neighboring No. 98, on the cover of Led Zeppelin's 1975 album *Physical Graffiti*. "The building is now the home of Physical GraffitiTea, a tea shop."



PHOTOGRAPH: GETTY IMAGES.



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RABAT AND SALÉ

I

LEAVING TANGIER

To step on board a steamer in a Spanish port, and three hours later to land in a country without a guide-book, is a sensation to rouse the hunger of the repletest sight-seer.

The sensation is attainable by any one who will take the trouble to row out into the harbour of Algieras and scramble onto a little black boat headed across the straits. Hardly has the rock of Gibraltar turned to cloud when one's foot is on the soil of an almost unknown Africa. Tangier, indeed, is in the guide-books; but, cuckoo-like, it has had to lay its eggs in strange nests, and the traveller who wants to find out about it must acquire a work dealing with some other country Spain or Portugal or Algeria. There is no guide-book to Morocco, and no way of knowing,

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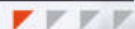


THE
DETAILS
GUIDE
TO
**FALL /
WINTER
TAILORING**



THE PURCHASE

Look 1 / 4



**Go Ahead—Indulge
in a Cashmere Suit**

Ever put on your most lived-in cashmere sweater and thought, Why am I not wearing more of this stuff? Us too. A cashmere suit, like this rich navy one by Brioni, is soft, durable, and warm for its weight—in other words, it's worth the splurge. And though the jacket's higher button stance can make it appear conservative, we gave it a more casual look by buttoning the top button (rather than the traditional middle) and adding a gold collar pin to the shirt. For three additional ways to style this suit—and 60 other tailoring tips for when summer's long gone, including six suits you need to round out your cold-weather rotation—keep reading.

Suit (\$7,450), shirt (\$650), and collar pin (\$1,395) by **Brioni**.
Shoes (\$770) by **Dior Homme**.
Socks (\$8) by **Gold Toe**.

STYLING BY JUSTIN BERKOWITZ. GROOMING BY DILLON PENA AT WILHELMINA ARTISTS USING ORIBE HAIRCARE. CASTING BY EDWARD KIM AT THE EDIT DESK.

Look 2 / 4

Outerwear— Your New Inner Layer

Instead of a dress shirt and sweater, try a crewneck T-shirt with a light zip jacket. It'll give you an easy-to-remove option for unpredictable temps, and it adds something sporty. Just keep things neat with an under-layer that hits at, not below, the waist.

Suit (\$7,450) by **Brioni**. Jacket (\$1,020) by **Jil Sander**. Shirt (\$185) by **Carven**.



A



B



C



Finishing Touch: Hats

When it comes to winter headwear, you've got options. For the polar vortex, try a chunky knit.

But if insulating every inch of your dome isn't a priority, throw on a fedora (rabbit felt is silky smooth and retains its shape) or an upgraded ball cap constructed out of suit-quality fabric.

A/ O.A.M.C. (\$96)
B/ Larose Paris (\$310)
C/ Steven Alan (\$78)

AIR IT OUT

Cutting suits closer doesn't always make them warmer. **Izzy Zuber**, owner of **LS Men's Clothing** in New York City, says: "An old rule is that you should leave a layer of air between the fabric and your body. That layer adds insulation. If you make the suit too close to you, you're actually going to be colder, not warmer."

COLOR CORRECT

"I'm liking color in overcoats. Burgundy, hunter green, even a mustard yellow if you're gangster with it, because that shit is real pimp and not for everybody," says **Josh Peskowitz**, men's fashion director at **Bloomingdale's**. "Burgundy and hunter green are the easiest because those go well with charcoal and navy, which are the major men's colors."

KEEP IT COZY

Relax a suit with some lived-in pieces from your closet. **Frank Muytjens**, menswear director at **J. Crew**, says, "I'm really feeling a plaid flannel shirt and pairing it with a wool tie. Or wear a vintage belt instead of a dress belt. It shows some personality."



Finishing Touch: Scarves

You wouldn't wear a down comforter around your neck, so chill with the ginormous scarves. Instead, pick up a thin cashmere or silk-blend version that drapes, wraps, tucks, and ties easily.

FROM LEFT: **Paul Smith** (\$175). **Maison Margiela** (\$595). **Begg & Co** (\$430).

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ADD SOME FLECKS APPEAL

Tweed blazer? Check. Marled blazer? Check these out. They get their speckled character when different-colored yarns are woven together, yielding a fabric that can be subtle and shadowy (Belvest, top right) or more in the style of, say, Jackson Pollock (Balenciaga, bottom left).



Casely-Hayford
(\$898)



Cerruti 1881 Paris
(\$2,130)



Belvest
(\$2,615)



Balenciaga
(\$2,225)



L.B.M. 1911
(\$850)



Fendi
(\$1,450)

STYLING BY PETER TRAN.

A photograph of Mariano Rivera, a former MLB player, sitting on a wooden bench in a dugout. He is wearing a blue baseball cap, a grey and blue long-sleeved shirt, blue jeans, and blue Skechers sneakers. He is smiling and holding a black baseball glove. In the background, two other players in red caps are sitting on the bench.

Mariano Rivera
MARIANO RIVERA

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FROM **SKECHERS**

Finishing Touch: Gloves

Quality hand warmers will survive many winters (as long as you don't leave one in a cab). Black looks better in suede, with a bit of texture. If you opt for leather, choose a lighter shade of brown, which will age nicely. Want color? Go cashmere—it'll hold form.

A/ Berluti (\$700)
B/ Kiton (\$1,305)
C/ Brunello Cucinelli (\$490)



MONOCHROME MENTALITY

"A simple way to keep chic is to stick to a palette of grays," says Patrick Grant, creative director of E. Tautz. "Suit, shirt, V-neck sweater vest, overcoat, socks, tie—all in different shades from pale to dark charcoal, in rich textures, patterns, and finishes. It will look best when you alternate layers—pale shirt, dark vest, mid-gray suit, dark overcoat."

Look 3 / 4

Basics: They Don't Have to Be So Basic

A crewneck sweatshirt can have a life beyond weekends. Stick with trim-fitting knits in neutral shades—and wear a thin colored scarf semi-tucked into your collar for an extra touch of sophistication.

Suit (\$7,450) by Brioni.
Sweatshirt (\$172) by John Elliott + Co.
Scarf (\$205) by Boglioli.



WARM UP WITH THESE COOL NEW SCENTS

"People go for darker, heavier fragrances this time of year," says Robert Gerstner, co-owner of the perfumery Aedes de Venustas in New York City. Which makes sense: Your skin is bundled under layers of clothing, so richer concentrations have a better chance of shining through. Try notes of incense, spice, or leather—like in these new releases.

ARQUISTE NANBAN



The hints of saffron, leather, and frankincense make this the hat trick of heady cold-weather colognes. \$190; arquiste.com

COMME DES GARÇONS FLORIENTAL



Sandalwood and peppercorn dominate, but plum liqueur adds a sweet swerve. \$131; newyork.doverstreetmarket.com

JOHN VARVATOS DARK REBEL



Like a beat-up moto jacket, it's redolent of tobacco, rum, and leather. \$66; johnvarvatos.com

AEDS DE VENUSTAS PALISSANDRE D'OR



From Gerstner's house line, it has elements of nutmeg, patchouli, and musky, earthy ambroxan. \$245; aedes.com

STILL PHOTOGRAPHS, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: BY BEN ALSOP, STYLING BY PETER TRAN; COURTESY OF MANUFACTURERS (4).



Guide to
CONFIDENCE



SHINE
FOR A BRILLIANT FINISH IN
AN INSTANT, EVERY TIME.



NOURISH
FOR A TRULY CONVENIENT,
NO-BUFF SHINE.



TOUCH UP
FOR A QUICK, NO-MESS
CLEAN ON THE GO.

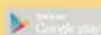
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SIX MORE WAYS TO SUIT UP THIS SEASON

It's true—you can't beat a cashmere suit. And though you might want to wear one every day, you should probably rotate. Fortunately, there's a full spectrum of seasonally appropriate options for you to choose from, each with its own benefit.



DO A DOUBLE TAKE

The overlapping closure on a double-breasted blazer means more layers, and more layers mean you stay warmer.

Blazer (\$425) and pants (\$225) by **J. Crew**. Shirt (\$230) by **Hardy Amies**. Tie (\$74) by **Berg & Berg**. Shoes (\$995) by **Prada**. Socks (\$8) by **Gold Toe**.

A GRAPHIC APPROACH

Look beyond classic herringbone and houndstooth to hybrid patterns like this windowpane with subtle hints of plaid.

Suit (\$1,595) and shirt (\$315) by **Eidos Napoli**. Tie (\$90) by **Club Monaco**. Shoes (\$850) by **Pal Zileri**. Socks (\$8) by **Gold Toe**.

CORDUROY'S COMEBACK

Feeling Wes Anderson vibes? Nothing wrong with that. Just stick to earth tones (brown, tan, olive) and a fine, not thick, wale.

Suit (\$2,255) by **Marc Jacobs**. Shirt (\$545) by **Hardy Amies**. Tie (\$295) by **Brunello Cucinelli**. Boots (\$630) by **Church's**.

GUIDING LIGHT

A pale shade of gray is a more modern take on the standard charcoal, and it pairs perfectly with brown suede shoes.

Suit (\$1,425) by **Freemans Sporting Club**. Shirt (\$345) by **Ermenegildo Zegna**. Tie (\$305) by **Hardy Amies**. Shoes (\$410) by **Grenson**. Socks (\$8) by **Gold Toe**.

STYLING BY JUSTIN BERKOWITZ. GROOMING BY DILLON PENA AT WILHELMINA ARTISTS USING ORIBE HAIR CARE. CASTING BY EDWARD KIM AT THE EDIT DESK.



HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

Thicker suits (12 ounces and above) let you skip the overcoat. Cashmere and wool blends are best for comfort and warmth.

Blazer (\$2,095) and pants (\$995) by **Burberry Prorsum**. Shirt (\$195) by **Theory**. Tie (\$210) by **Bottega Veneta**. Boots (\$795) by **Lanvin**.



CHALK IT UP

Pinstripes pop on tropical wool, but winter fabrics call for softer lines. For a less harsh contrast, try a tan stripe instead of white.

Suit (\$1,795) by **Boglioli**. Shirt (\$125) by **Todd Snyder**. Tie (\$74) by **Berg & Berg**. Shoes (\$915) by **Santoni**. Socks (\$8) by **Gold Toe**.

WATCH YOUR WEIGHT

"Heaviness doesn't always equate to warmth," says **Daniel Lewis**, cofounder of **Brooklyn Tailors**. "A big factor is how tightly woven the fabric is." For example, your favorite Donegal-tweed suit may not be keeping you as warm as you'd think, thanks to its looser, open weave. So relegate that to your fall wardrobe.

DON'T BE NARROW-MINDED

If you like wearing boots, check that your pants legs aren't too skinny. "In the winter, I typically get a little less aggressive with the taper," says **Justin Berkowitz**, *Details'* senior market editor. "I'll go about an inch wider at the hem to give my wool trousers room to fit. Too tight and they'll bunch up and ruin the line of the pants."

HERMÈS (\$9,800)



Finishing Touch: The Bag

Backpacks? Messengers? They've got their uses, but the straps will bunch up your suit's shoulders (and few things scream middle management like a briefcase). This leather Hermès tote won't screw with your silhouette, and it's sturdy and roomy—large enough to carry a laptop or, hell, half of what's on these two pages—plus it has an interior pouch for easy organization.

**SOCKS SHOULDN'T
BE AN AFTERTHOUGHT**

"Never wear a novelty sock with a suit," says *Details'* fashion director, **Matthew Marden**. "Go with fine-ribbed cotton or merino and a knee-length sock that you can fold over on your calf—it looks cleaner and will keep you warmer."

**A PSA FOR POPPED
COLLARS**

"Pop the collar on your overcoat—but never on a blazer, and definitely never on a blazer under an overcoat. Two popped collars looks affected and peacocky," says **Eugene Tong**, *Details'* style director.



Look 4 / 4

**The Power
of One**

You don't have to wear a thousand layers to stay warm. A shirt done in silk or fine jersey will keep you cozy (without weighing you down). And with the top two buttons open, you'll look casual, too, not like you spent all night getting ready to leave the house.

Suit (\$7,450) by **Brioni**.
Shirt (\$225) by **AMI**
Alexandre Mattiussi.

**FOUR NEW
BRANDS TO
KNOW NOW**



STÖFFA

Agyesh Madan designed accessories for Isaia, and now he does it for himself. His Stöffa label has been making rollable rabbit-felt hats and cashmere-silk scarves since last year; this season, he added outerwear and trousers, plus four new hat colors (caramel, brown, cream, and black). "Everybody travels," Madan says. "Things need to be super-soft, put into a bag, and unrolled whenever you want."

Hat (\$200) by **Stöffa**.



RING JACKET

Ring Jacket has been perfecting that quintessentially Japanese trick of mastering European and American styles since 1954, but now marks the first time the brand's ready-to-wear line is available in the U.S. Expect suits with a relaxed fit, hand-finished details, and full horsehair canvassing; and outerwear with a light elasticity thanks to an exclusive "balloon" wool, which has the comfort of jersey but retains wool's durability and structure.

Coat (\$1,260) by **Ring Jacket**.



HARRIS WHARF

Founded by the brother-sister team Aldo and Giulia Acchiardi, Harris Wharf is based in London but manufactured at their great-grandparents' glove factory in Turin, Italy. Softly tailored jackets and streamlined outerwear made from wool, silk, and cashmere are the backbone of the collection. "We usually use a knitted, not woven, fabric," Giulia says. "That makes a big difference, because it feels like a cardigan, but it doesn't look like a cardigan."

Blazer (\$595) by **Harris Wharf London**.



THE GIGI

Italian tailoring has been the Boglioli family business for four generations. But brothers Pierluigi and Mario's newest project looks to the future, not the past. The Gigi features peak-lapel suits, shawl-collar coats, and chunky knits, all with Pierluigi's mantra, DON'T LOOK BACK, stitched inside. The YOLO attitude extends to many of the patterns and fabrics—oversize checks and silk, linen, and mohair—but less so to the palette of navies, camels, and grays that nod to tradition.

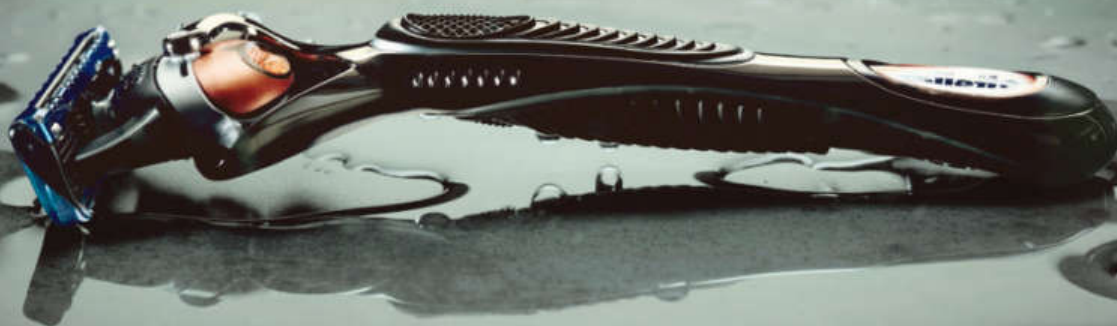
Blazer (\$1,095) by **The Gigi**.

STILL PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEN ALSOP.
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A



B



C



A/
Coat (\$2,195)
by **Lanvin**. Shirt
(\$198) by **Steven
Alan**. Pants (\$785)
by **Louis Vuitton**.

B/
Coat (\$3,190) by
Dunhill. Suit (\$650)
by **Tallia**.
Turtleneck (\$580)
by **Jil Sander**.

C/
Coat (\$10,150) by
Kiton. Sweater
(\$995) by **Maison
Margiela**. T-shirt
(\$350) by **Brunello
Cucinelli**. Pants
(\$402) by **Officine
Générale**.

ADD POLISH WITH AN OVERCOAT

You've got your suits. Great. But pairing them with anything less than the right top layer diminishes all that good work you did. Whether it's single- or double-breasted, patterned or solid, there's a tailored option that won't leave you out in the cold.

D



E



F

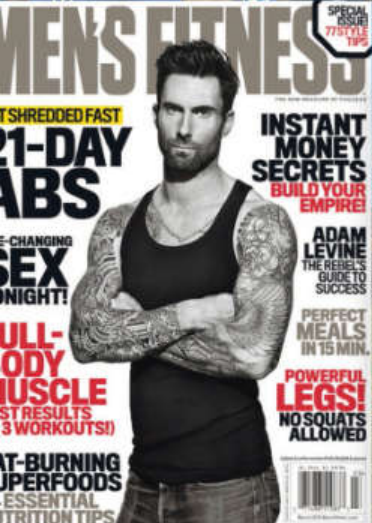
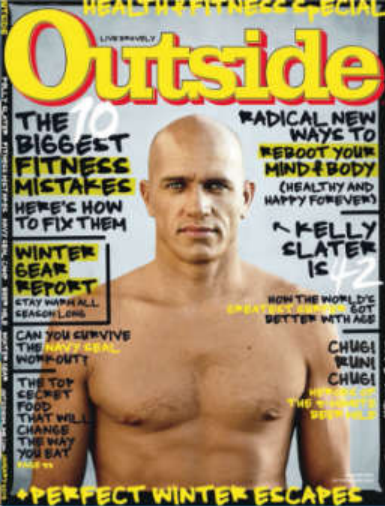


D/
Coat (from \$3,630)
by **Berluti**. Jacket
(\$975) by **Tim
Coppens**. Shirt
(\$28) by **Bread
& Boxers**. Pants
(\$400) by **O.A.M.C.**

E/
Coat (\$4,490) by
**Saint Laurent by
Hedi Slimane**.
Sweater (\$265)
by **Theory**.
Pants (\$1,190)
by **Tom Ford**.

F/
Coat (\$1,795) by
Hickey Freeman.
Shirt (\$305) by
Massimo Alba.
Pants (\$350) by
**AMI Alexandre
Mattiussi**.

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Don't default to the same old dress shoe. Elevate your footwear with sneakers, boots, crepe-sole oxfords—or whatever (if you want to try it, it's probably okay).



A



B



C



D

A/
O'Keeffe
(\$950)

B/
John Lobb
(\$670)

C/
New Balance for
J. Crew (\$80)

D/
Dries Van Noten
(\$765)

INVEST IN A VEST

"A lightweight down vest is essential. On super-cold days, it adds insulation between your suit and overcoat," says Noah Johnson, *Details'* fashion features editor. "When the weather's crisp but not frigid, it's all you need under a blazer—warmth without the bulk, plus the pop of red or blue nylon adds a sporty vibe."

MIX AND MATCH

"Explore new combinations. When the temperature starts to fall, what looks better than a gray or navy flannel jacket with a white pair of jeans and Chelsea boots?" asks Pierre Mahéo, founder and designer of *Officine Générale*.

PROPORTION PLAY

A cropped outer layer adds a new dimension. "I favor a bomber jacket, which is shorter in length than the suit jacket," says Mr Porter's buying director, Toby Bateman.

BY JUSTIN BERKOWITZ,
JOSH CONDON, DANIEL JAMESON,
ANTONINA JEDRZEJCZAK, NOAH JOHNSON,
KEVIN PIRES, AND JON ROTH

STYLING BY JUSTIN BERKOWITZ. GROOMING BY DILLON PENA AT WILHELMINA. ARTISTS USING ORIBE. HAIR CARE. CASTING BY EDWARD KIM AT THE EDIT DESK. PANTS (\$7,450 FOR FULL SUIT) BY BRIONI. SOCKS, LEFT TO RIGHT, FROM TOP: GOLD TOE (\$8); UNIQLO (\$4); FALKE (\$25); GOLD TOE (\$8).

Statement Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685 showing the Ownership, Management and Circulation of DETAILS, published monthly (10 issues) except for combined issues June/July and December/January, for October 1, 2015. Publication No. 001-707. Annual subscription price \$15.00.

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(1) Mailed Outside-County Paid Subscriptions (Stated on PS Form 3541)	443,149	465,170
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(4) Paid Distribution by Other Classes of Mail Through the USPS	0	0

C. Total Paid Distribution	464,879	484,896
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HOW I GOT MY LOOK

ANTONIO CIONGOLI

When you think of tailoring, Vermont might not be the first place that comes to mind. But it's where the cofounder of Eidos Napoli grew up and got the inspiration for his aesthetic—Southern Italy by way of the ski slopes.



1/ THE SUNGLASSES

"In Naples, I found this amazing little eye-wear shop that sells its own brand, Capri by Capri, and that's where I got these. I love the unusual charcoal tortoise—it's a nod to wearing chunky black frames, but somehow less severe. I don't wear visible logos anywhere either, so I like that they're discreet."

2/ THE SCARF

"This is a Stöffa scarf. Coming from the Northeast and having this slightly preppy background, I always love a rep-stripe tie, and green and gray is just a great color combination."

3/ THE SWEATER

"Great cashmere's really hard to find. It's almost like drugs: The mills producing the yarn are cutting it with wool and lying about it. This sweater was my dad's, and there's not a single pill on it. I love the little details, like the slightly stretched-out neck, the dropped shoulder, and the square pocket."

4/ THE BLAZER

"At Eidos, we do a blue blazer every season. There are eight colors of yarn—four wool and four raw silk—in this one, and I love the texture. It's unlined, soft, and you can pair it with a T-shirt or a tie. When I travel, it's the only piece of tailored clothing I bring with me. Silk is resilient, so I can wear it on the plane, hop off a red-eye, and go straight to my first meeting."

5/ THE WATCH

"This was a gift to myself when Eidos worked out. It's a trench watch from 1917—one of the first wristwatches made—and it's a Rolex. The only negative thing about it is that the dials were painted with radium back then, so it's radioactive! I can't wear it that often, because I'm afraid it's going to give me cancer."

6/ THE BELT

"I was the deputy creative director of Michael Bastian, but I got this before then. He did a collection about ski bums. I was on the ski-and-snowboard team in high school. My father was a doctor—sharp, always wore a jacket. And I'm the great-grandson of a Southern Italian tailor. That's always been my approach—the outdoors balanced with Italian tailoring."

7/ THE JEANS

"I have zero problem wearing white after Labor Day. These are RRL. With Ralph, the details are always just right; when I was working at Polo, I was amazed to go into the showroom and see everything perfect. The hem I did myself—they were a little long, so I cut them."

8/ THE SHOES

"These were made by Christian Kimber. They're the perfect winter shoe. I love suede, and you don't usually see this soft-chiseled toe with a more rugged sole. The toe makes them more refined, but you can totally wear them in the rain."

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In the era of voice-activated, Wi-Fi-enabled smartwatches, it's no longer a necessity to check your pulse or navigate using a mechanical timepiece. It's a luxury. Which is why watch enthusiasts love a good complication (a watch function beyond just telling time). Here's our guide to the big four—all of which are no less ingenious today than when they were introduced decades ago. PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS GORMAN

SPECIAL WATCH GUIDE

THE COMPLICATION: Chronograph

Of all the complications, the chronograph is probably the one you will use the most. Despite being relatively simple in concept (a watch that's also a stopwatch), the self-winding chronograph didn't come along until 1969—the same year quartz wristwatches

hit the market. Using a clutch that couples the stopwatch to the main timekeeping mechanism, these models measure passing time using various scales. One of the most popular is the tachymeter scale, which lets you determine the average speed of a vehicle over a mile or a kilometer. Many vintage chronographs use

the pulsometric scale, which was developed for doctors to measure heart rate. Sure, you can get that from a Fitbit, but this Patek Philippe Ref. 5170G (\$81,100) looks a helluva lot better on your wrist, don't you think?

The crew of Apollo 13 used their Omega chronographs to time a critical midcourse correction on their return to Earth when nearly all the module's electrical power was lost following an oxygen-tank explosion.

THE COMPLICATION: GMT

The dual-time-zone, or GMT, watch has been saving the world traveler from jet-lag confusion for decades. Here's how it works: One hour hand shows you the time at home (called, oddly enough, the home-time hand), and another indicates a time that differs by a set number of hours, giving you the local time anywhere your travels take you. Or almost anywhere: To make this complication more complicated, there are a few locales that are offset from Greenwich Mean Time (now known as Universal Time Coordinated, or UTC, for scientific reasons) in half-hour or even quarter-hour

increments—and there are some countries, like China, that ignore conventions and use a single time zone across the entire nation. At those destinations, your dual-time-zone watch will be less useful, but luckily, these watches, like the legendary Rolex GMT-Master II (\$8,450), pictured here, still work great as single-zone timepieces.



...

The first **Rolex GMT-Master** can go for staggering prices—in 2013, one fetched \$268,145 at a Christie's auction.

THE COMPLICATION: **Power Reserve**

The heart of every mechanical wristwatch is a wind-up mechanism that's not much different from a children's play toy—and once the mainspring that keeps it moving runs down, it's game over. Hence the power-reserve complication, which tells you how many hours of running time you've got left. Since the advent of self-winding watches, this may not seem like a big deal, but historically, the introduction to automatic watches of the power-reserve indication by Jaeger-LeCoultre in 1948 was a game changer for people worried about missing an appointment—or worse. Before GPS existed, when an accurate clock was essential

for navigation, marine chronometers were fitted with power-reserve indicators to avoid errors that could result in, say, a shipwreck. Today this complication is typically found on watches with very long-running movements and implemented in often ingenious designs—like the Tudor North Flag (\$3,675), shown here, which has a bright-yellow disc that indicates the reserves remaining.



The current power-reserve world-record holder for hand-wound tourbillon watches is **Hublot's MP-05 LaFerrari**, which can run for 1,200 hours without needing to be wound.



Q THE COMPLICATION: **Annual Calendar**

In 1925, 17 years before Alan Turing cracked the Enigma code, Patek Philippe cracked the perpetual-calendar wristwatch, making a timepiece that kept track of the day, month, and year without drifting out of sync every short month or leap year. Because of how complex the mechanism of this function is, perpetual-calendar watches are incredibly expensive. They're also among the most spectacular models ever manufactured, like the famous Patek Philippe pocket watch made for Henry Graves in 1932, which sold at auction for \$24 million in 2014. It wasn't until 1996 that the much more affordable annual calendar entered the scene—the only thing these don't do is automatically correct for February's 28 days, so they have to be adjusted once a year. Annual calendars may not have quite the same prestige (though either complication requires the expertise of the world's best watchmakers to execute), but they come without the extreme price and fragility of perpetual calendars. Both types are often adorned with additional complications, like the Girard-Perregaux 1966 Annual Calendar and Equation of Time (released in 2009), pictured here (\$33,400), which also shows the time as it would appear on a sundial.

...

Even a perpetual calendar needs to be adjusted, since leap years are skipped at the turn of a century. The next time will be in the year 2100.





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TIME FOR LUNCH

DETAILS headed north to the Bronx's Arthur Avenue for the 2nd Annual Timepiece Luncheon. DETAILS Publisher, Drew Schutte, toasted with DETAILS' luxury timepiece partners in celebration of our collaboration with Hodinkee.



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AND THE FIRST AMERICANS SHALL BE L

IN TERMS OF MARRIAGE EQUALITY, 11 HOLDOUT NATIVE AMERICAN TRIBES ARE THE PEOPLE THAT PROGRESS LEFT BEHIND—AND THEIR LANDS ARE THE FINAL BATTLEFIELDS IN A WAR THAT EVERYONE THINKS HAS ALREADY BEEN WON.

A

S

BY HAL ESPEN | PHOTOGRAPHS BY KENJI TOMA

T



WE'RE ROLLING NORTH, DEEP INTO THE NAVAJO

reservation, heading for the annual Native LGBTQ Summer Gathering up near Canyon de Chelly, with the spiritual beauty and darkness of the *Diné* unfolding around us. In the sacred landscape of the Navajo Nation, the homeland of the *Diné* (the People), cosmology and geography are indistinguishable, and every element of this place, every mountain and river, has a traditionally male or female identity—even the weather. The dramatic storm front starting to sweep over the Chuska Mountains, for example, seems intent on teaching this lesson by alternately pelting us with *níłtsq bikq'* (male rain) and misting *níłtsq bi'áád* (gentle female rain). But

extraordinarily difficult to confront openly. To many Navajo, the *Diné* Marriage Act of 2005, promoted as a means “to preserve and strengthen family values” during George W. Bush’s doomed push for a U.S. constitutional amendment banning gay marriage, seemed to come out of nowhere—no gay Navajo couple had ever sought to marry on the reservation. It was introduced by Tribal Council member Larry Anderson Sr., a Vietnam War combat veteran, and enacted by a conservative council in the midst of a feud with Navajo Nation president Joe Shirley Jr. Opponents of the ban organized a protest movement that inundated tribal leaders with hundreds of e-mails and released a petition that charged that the DMA

the rural expanses of the *Diné*taah, just 365 households were reported as being headed by same-sex couples in the 2010 U.S. census. Most observers believe that was probably an undercount, since in Navajo country, gay men and women, when not closeted, tend to live quietly and discreetly, but it’s also an indication of how deeply traditional family structures are rooted on the reservation.

As Nelson and I approach our turnoff at Sheep Springs, we pass a large assembly of cars, pickup trucks, trailers, and horses beside the highway. Nelson’s eyes lock on the cluster of men, women, and kids in the open field beyond. “They’re having a Healing Way ceremony,” he tells me, smiling at the sight of

“WE BOTH GREW UP TRADITIONAL,” SAYS ALRAY CHALLENGING THE NAVAJO SAME-SEX-MARRIAGE

the Navajo creation stories that define this world, with their divine hermaphrodites and mind-bending gender fluidity, defy any simple binary interpretation.

As does the Navajo Nation’s stubborn ban on same-sex marriage.

Serenely riding shotgun beside me is Alray Nelson, a burly, broad-shouldered 29-year-old gay Navajo who has recently emerged as Native America’s leading warrior for the cause of marriage equality. The U.S. Supreme Court’s landmark *Obergefell v. Hodges* decision in June dismantling state laws banning gay unions holds no sway in much of Indian Country, where 11 sovereign tribes encompassing nearly 1 million members enforce tribal laws that restrict the right of same-sex couples to marry. They include the two largest Native groups, the Cherokee Nation in Oklahoma and the Navajo Nation, with more than 600,000 enrolled members between them. While the hard-won ruling sent throngs swarming the Stonewall Inn in New York City and San Francisco City Hall in celebration, it also rendered those tribes “constitutional outlaws,” as one legal scholar presciently put it in 2006—and it’s made their tribal lands the last battlefields in a war that has already been declared over.

For decades, Navajo country, a vast swath of the southwestern United States nearly twice the size of Switzerland, was a place where homosexuality was almost never publicly discussed and where taboos surrounding not only gay sex but also illness and death made the encroaching HIV/AIDS threat

“violated *Diné* law and the sanctity of life by invoking intolerance and legal discrimination.” Shirley, an LGBTQ-rights supporter, noted that the act did nothing for family values, as it didn’t address rampant “family violence, child abuse, sexual assault [and] gangs” on the reservation, and promptly vetoed it. On June 3, 2005, the council voted to override Shirley’s veto by a four-to-one margin. The DMA has been the law of the land ever since.

“It’s difficult to live in a place where our own government tells us to leave,” Nelson says today. So far, he and his partner, Brennen Yonnie, are the only couple to publicly challenge the tribe’s marriage ban, although they have gradually built a small but vocal coalition of supporters both on and off the reservation. “We both grew up traditional,” Nelson adds. “We want to build a future and build a home here.”

For the overwhelming majority of the 566 tribes within the borders of the United States, marriage equality is a settled issue. Twenty-four tribes, including the Blackfoot, the Cheyenne and Arapaho, and the Oneida, now explicitly recognize same-sex marriage, and among the larger holdouts, the Osage is considering a repeal of its ban. An additional 77 tribes have laws that take no clear position on same-sex unions. Meanwhile, any Native gay couple can bypass a tribal ban by obtaining a marriage license off the reservation.

Some Navajo have done so, but they tend to belong to the 40 percent of the tribe who live beyond the borders of the Navajo Nation. Of the 174,000 Navajo who still reside within

this multiday rite focused on restoring *hózhó* (harmony and balance) that leads the People to, as the Navajo say, “walk in beauty.” Nelson embraces these practices with his whole being, and at the heart of his activism is a refusal to choose between his Navajo heritage and his identity as a gay man—a stance that gives him an authority no off-rez activist could command. It doesn’t hurt that he’s also worked as an aide, speechwriter, and campaign manager for three Navajo Nation presidents.

After we turn west and begin winding high into the Chuska range, Nelson tells me that he and Yonnie have vowed to stand their ground: not to marry until the *Diné* Marriage Act is repealed and they can secure the benefits of a sanctioned Navajo civil union, which include the right to claim a plot of land, a homestead among their clans in a place where family and kinship are as sacred as the earth itself. Though the pair have encountered little hostility in person, it’s a different story on social media. “Get married off the Rez!” as one Facebook commenter put it—a sentiment that Nelson repeats with a rare flash of anger.

Nelson’s political campaign is in many ways a quixotic one, given the long odds against any change in Navajo law. Even many Navajo LGBTQ allies are reluctant to make marriage equality a priority at a time when poverty, high unemployment, and profound social and environmental ills confront the Nation. Native teens have the highest suicide rate of any population group in the United States, and alcohol-mortality rates

among Indians are more than four times higher than the national average—and are particularly high among the Navajo. Even though the sale of alcohol is illegal on the Navajo reservation, heavy drinking and DWIs are severe blights. Rampant drug abuse, scant information about the risks of sharing needles, and unprotected sex multiply the rate of HIV infection, which has increased nearly 500 percent on the reservation since 1999.

Growing up gay in the Navajo Nation puts kids at increased risk of depression, substance abuse, and bullying. Coming out is a treacherous process. According to the Diné Policy Institute, 40 percent of Navajo LGBTQ kids between 12 and 18 are physically

tion goes, Nelson grew up in a tiny settlement called Beshbetoh, near the town of Ganado, out in the boondocks west of Window Rock. His parents divorced shortly after he was born, and his mother left the reservation to get an education when he was 3, and like many other Navajo of his generation, he was raised by his grandparents, off the grid—herding sheep, riding horses, hauling water, doing homework by the light of kerosene lamps, and learning the Navajo language. “The ceremonies and tradition were lived daily,” he says.

At the same time, Nelson’s grandparents brought him up as a Catholic. It can be hard for outsiders to understand why many Navajo persist in practicing the old pantheistic

Ganado High was generally a freak-show that abounded with jock gangs, eccentric Anglo teachers, pot heads, dealers, housing project prostitutes, and the semi-illiterate “jahns” [rez slang for hicks] who lived out at their grandma’s sheep camps. The homosexual students were probably the strangest thing I saw. People still don’t believe me when I explain that drag-queen Navajos regularly freshened their makeup and stuffed their bras at their lockers before parading to class in cheap pumps bought in the Gallup Wal-Mart.

Far from being some exotic import from the white world, a multiplicity of gender iden-

NELSON, WHO, WITH HIS PARTNER, IS PUBLICLY BAN. “WE WANT TO BUILD A FUTURE HERE.”

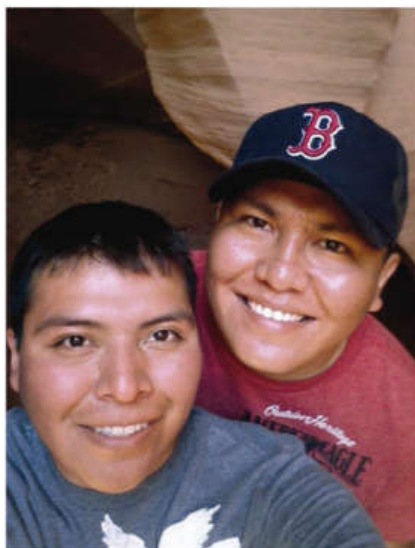
harassed, and 26 percent said they had been forced to leave home because of conflict over their orientation.

“My coming-out story wasn’t a pretty picture,” recalls Michelle Sue Sherman, a 30-year-old Diné lesbian who started a suicide-prevention program for the reservation’s youth. “There were a few times where I wanted to kill myself because I felt that I’d lost my family when some of them thought it was wrong that I was gay, and I had to leave the reservation. But I came back and was able to get the support and acceptance I needed. I think that’s why I’m still here.”

“I was scared,” says Tyson Benally, a 25-year-old college student who founded the Gay-Straight Alliance at Diné College in Tsaile, Arizona, of his coming-out experience. “Over time, I found out my family was really supportive, but I know some people who’ve had to leave. Everyone’s scared.”

Native transsexuals who are pushed out face a tenuous existence on the streets of border towns. Between 2005 and 2009, three cross-dressing Navajo men were beaten to death in Albuquerque, and in 2010, Oliver Yazzie, a 30-year-old Navajo dressed as a woman, was stabbed 28 times by a man who had paid him to have sex at a truck stop just east of Gallup, New Mexico.

Alray Nelson, like many young gay Navajo, has his own harrowing tale of exile and self-destructive behavior on the path back to *hózhó* and self-acceptance. Born into the Water’s Edge clan and born for the Towering House clan, as the Navajo form of family identifica-



RAINBOW WARRIORS: Alray Nelson (right) and his partner, Brennen Yonnie, shown here on their second-anniversary trip to Arizona’s Antelope Canyon, are the first same-sex Navajo couple actively seeking to marry on the reservation.

Navajo religion of deities and songs while also following various forms of Christianity—notably Catholicism, Evangelical Baptism, and Mormonism.

And yet the younger generation on the reservation is deceptively diverse: a 21st-century tribal twist on the noisy, all-American postmodern cultural collage. Jim Kristofic, an Anglo who spent his childhood on the rez, went to the high school in Ganado just a few years ahead of Nelson and wrote about it in his gonzo 2011 memoir, *Navajos Wear Nikes*:

ties is wholly indigenous to the Navajo creation stories, and Navajo males who embrace feminine identities and/or roles, called *nadleeh*, have been a perennial feature of tribal society. Nelson believes that some of the old acceptance and understanding of difference was lost in the generations of Indian children who were sent away to boarding schools run by Christian missionaries, where kids were forbidden to speak Navajo or practice traditional religion—a system that persisted well into the 1970s and beyond.

Nelson became comfortable with his sexuality only when he went off-rez, he says. “I came out in 2008, after I left to do an internship for Native students in Washington, D.C.” His talent as a skilled political operative had already earned him internships in Window Rock, the Navajo capital, and he was on track to pursue the kind of career that has slowly become available to gifted, openly gay Navajo beyond the reservation.

But by early 2010, when Nelson was finishing his sophomore year at Fort Lewis College in Durango, Colorado (where 20 percent of the student body was Native American), he had lost his bearings. “I forgot all that needs to be strengthened,” he says, “all that needs to be in hand before you can put yourself out there and live a good life off the reservation.” He was outwardly successful and was elected student-body president. “But I turned my back on the traditional ways, and I was angry and scared and self-righteous all the time.”

The fall 2010 semester spiraled into a nightmare. First, anonymous commenters

on the *Durango Herald's* website attacked Nelson with homophobic and racist slurs and called for his impeachment. Nelson had begun abusing alcohol and marijuana and was feeling lost—"I was alone in the dark." The Fort Lewis community responded to the online attacks with a rally attended by 250 students; the mayor of Durango and the college president offered their support. Then, in the midst of this inner and outer turmoil, Nelson did something stupid and crazy. He told the Durango police that he had received threatening text messages and e-mails and death threats left on his car. He claimed that someone had drugged him by spiking his

drink. The cops took the threats seriously, launching an investigation and assigning officers to provide him protection.

But it was a hoax. Eventually the police discovered that Nelson had fabricated the messages, and he was charged with falsely reporting threats and bias crimes to police. He resigned as student president the same day. He was forced to drop out of Fort Lewis and pleaded guilty, and in February 2011, he was sentenced to one year of unsupervised probation and 200 hours of community service.

Returning to the reservation in disgrace, at the lowest point of his life, Nelson was welcomed back into his family circle, and

he found that his worst fears about coming out and being rejected had not come to pass, even after the terrible mistakes he'd made. He was embraced by the Navajo gay community and even invited to return to the office of the Navajo president.

"I surrounded myself with good people," he says. "They had a lot of truth to tell as well, the truth that I had to redevelop my character. Not only did they tell me I was not a bad person, they told me to be proud of my sexuality."

His grandfather and his mother, who was living back on the reservation herself, urged him to reconnect with Navajo ceremonies and practices. President Ben Shelly met with him, talked through the mistakes he had made, and offered him a job and a chance at a fresh start. "The healing process took me at least three years," he recalls. "It was really the Navajo community that brought me back to being a strong person." He also reconciled with his father, whom he had barely known. "He supports me and my work," Nelson says, "and also accepts Brennen as family."

THE NATIVE LGBTQ SUMMER GATHERING—IT'S

the event's sixth consecutive year—takes place in the heart of the reservation, at a sprawling campground overlooking a spectacular vista of lake and forest with the Chuska Mountains rising in the distance. Over two days, several dozen Navajo, mostly couples in their twenties and thirties, hang out, share stories of overcoming addiction, put on traditional weaving and jewelry-making demonstrations, discuss HIV/AIDS prevention, and prepare a huge feast of mutton stew and fry bread. To my relief, there's no killing and butchering of a sheep, as there had been in years past, but I'm disappointed to learn from Stella Martin, a trans Navajo woman who presides like a benign but sardonic den mother, that there's no Miss Summer Gathering pageant or glitter-strewn, superhero-themed drag show this year. Upon arriving, Nelson is greeted with low-key, oblique affection in the Navajo style. Everyone I spoke with expressed support for his efforts to bring marriage equality to the reservation, but they were circumspect about his chances for success.

As we drive back across the mountains to Tohatchi, the town north of Gallup where Nelson lives with Yonnie, the rain clouds lower again at dusk, and we make our way over Narbona Pass through patches of thick fog and showers. Traditional Navajo tend to avoid venturing far afield at night, when



witches and skinwalkers armed with corpse powder roam, bestowing illness and curses on the unwary. The dramatic gloom seems to awaken in Nelson thoughts of the dark side of the Navajo worldview, of the supernatural forces and evils that necessarily exist in balance with the beauty and the healing dimensions of life among the Diné, and he lets me feel the soft deerskin medicine pouch containing a small precious stone and corn pollen that he carries, along with a second pouch filled with bitter herbs for personal protection. He knows, he tells me, that he and Yonnie have been spiritually targeted by unscrupulous opponents and

young people on the reservation. Internet access is now available in even the most remote villages, and when smartphone service arrived a few years ago, kids finally caught up with Facebook and Twitter mania. Just as it did for Nelson and Yonnie, technology has opened up new possibilities for gay dating and courtship. The nearest gay bar is still 150 miles away, in Albuquerque, but virtual flirtation and digital assignations—and even Grindr—are easing the isolation and loneliness of life deep in the reservation.

There have been other signs of progress, like the emergence of Diné College's Gay-Straight Alliance, which has become a

wedding-basket ceremony—a rite imbued with gender-specific elements and always held in the evening so that the jealous Father Sun will not resent giving away a daughter to her husband. In a traditional Navajo context, this is like suggesting that marriage equality would force Catholic priests to marry gay couples in Saint Patrick's Cathedral. But that is just absurd fear-mongering, Nelson says; a repeal will mean only that same-sex couples will have the same rights that common-law and mixed-race couples have been granted in revisions of the Navajo code and will stop gay marriage from being equated with polygamy and incest as a forbidden practice.

THE NEAREST GAY BAR IS STILL 150 MILES AWAY, BUT VIRTUAL FLIRTATION AND DIGITAL ASSIGNATIONS— AND EVEN GRINDR—ARE EASING THE ISOLATION AND LONELINESS OF LIFE DEEP IN THE RESERVATION.

that only vigilant countermeasures have kept them safe and healthy.

His mood is brighter a few days later when I meet him and Yonnie for dinner at Jerry's Cafe in Gallup. Nelson is ebullient because he's just landed a new job with Teach for America, and he and Yonnie will be able to commute together to Gallup, where Yonnie works for a federal social-welfare agency. Though they say they refrain from public displays of affection in Gallup, the two are relaxed together and clearly adore each other, though Yonnie is as laconic as Nelson is loquacious. "I'm a little reserved about some things," Yonnie tells me. "At first, when Alray was giving interviews, I was like, 'Leave me out.' But the more we talked about it, I said, 'Okay, fine.' Now my coworkers will come over and say, 'Hey, you're on Yahoo, or Al Jazeera,' and it's all cool."

The relationship was another facet of Nelson's return to balance and emotional health. "We met on Facebook in the spring of 2011," Nelson says, "and were chatting back and forth for a few months before our first date." They found they both revered Navajo tradition. They discovered that each had a grandfather who knew and respected the other's grandfather as a traditional elder, and that helped deepen their connection.

The conversation turns to social media, which has belatedly transformed life for

highly visible supporter of young LGBTQ Navajo. According to Tyson Benally, the alliance's founder, the visible activism is translating into greater openness: "Now you can see, 'Oh, that person's transgender,' or 'There's two men holding hands,' and it's not a problem anymore."

It's a long way from there to overturning the Diné Marriage Act, as Nelson explains. He has hopes that Amber Kanazbah Crotty, the only woman on the 24-member Navajo Nation Council and a supporter of marriage equality, will introduce a repeal proposal at the council's winter session in December, but there is little expectation that opponents will allow it to come to a vote. Another possibility is that Nelson and Yonnie could bring a lawsuit against the Navajo government in the tribal justice system and try to appeal their cause up to the Navajo Supreme Court on human-rights grounds.

At the center of the conflict is the meaning of *tradition*, a word that both Nelson and his opponents often wield in the debate. (None of the Tribal Council members who are on record as opposing the repeal of the Diné Marriage Act responded to requests for comment for this article.) According to Nelson, supporters of the DMA often suggest that repeal would open the door to desecration, allowing same-sex couples to marry in the elaborate, traditional, and expressly opposite-sex Navajo

With marriage equality now a reality across most of tribal America, it's difficult to envision that the Navajo Nation and the other hold-outs—primarily the Cherokee, the Chickasaw, the Iowa, the Kickapoo, and the Creek, all clustered in Oklahoma—will remain out of step with post-*Obergefell* America indefinitely. Sovereignty can be a powerful asset, but it can also be an isolating fortress wall blocking economic and cultural exchange between tribes and the rest of the world. By contrast, the new generation of gay Navajo are networking with the national and international Native LGBTQ communities, including members of the "Two Spirits" movement of gay and trans Indians and the defiant young "indigiqueer" activists who are reclaiming pre-Christianity models of identity. Whether those connections help bring about change on the reservation or become one more factor that lures young Navajo away from it, along with many of the tribe's best-educated and brightest citizens, remains to be seen. For now, Alray Nelson and Brennen Yonnie aren't worrying about a gay exodus. Instead, they're hoping their Navajo allies take to the battlefield.

"All Navajo politics is local," Nelson says. "You have to be here on the reservation to make change happen. Navajo Nation sovereignty is the most important thing, and it's going to take the Navajo people to change this law." ■

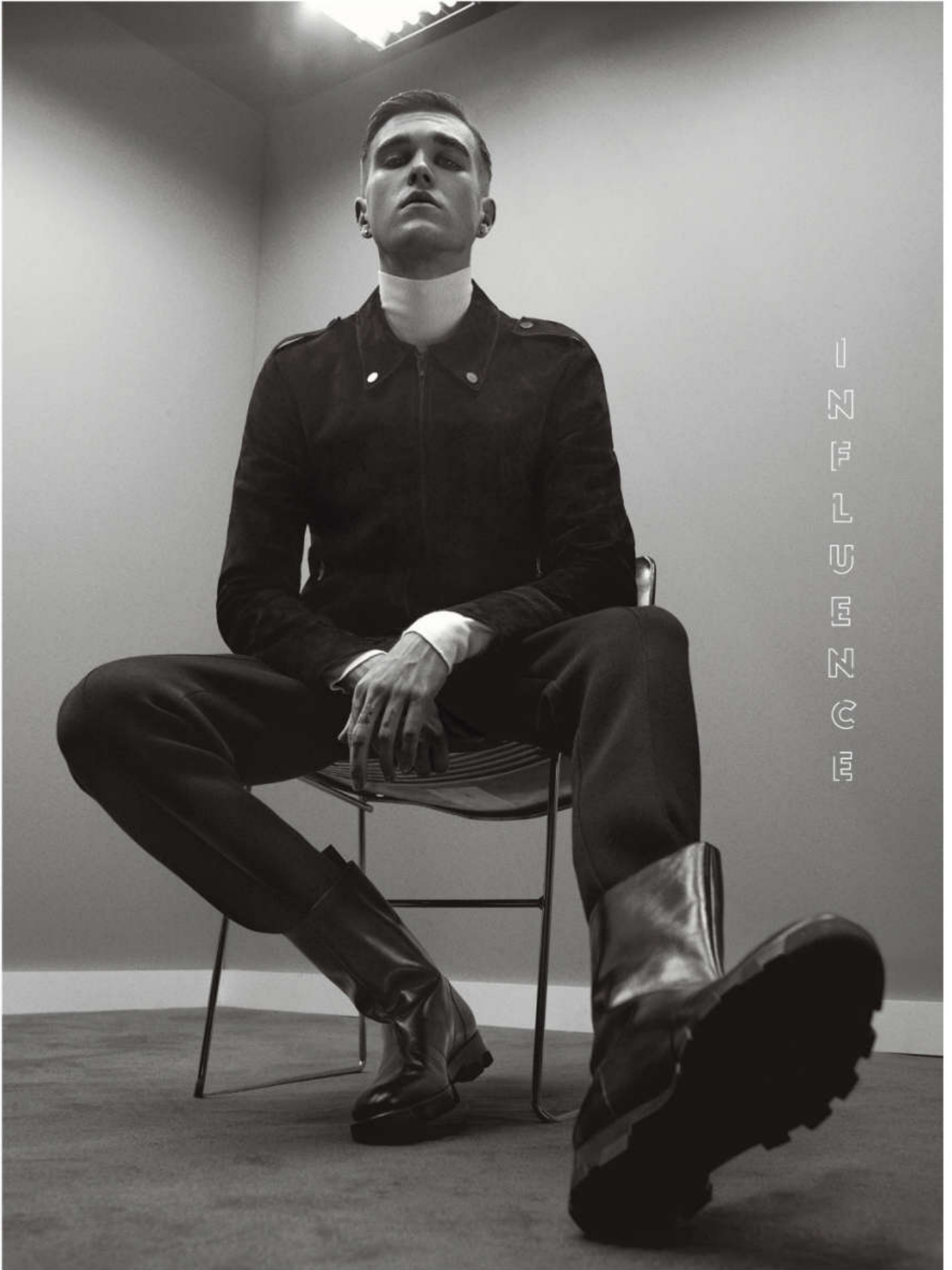
Tim Coppens

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THE MODERN TAKE ON A MINIMALIST WARDROBE PARES DOWN TRADITIONAL UNIFORM FLOURISHES

Balenciaga

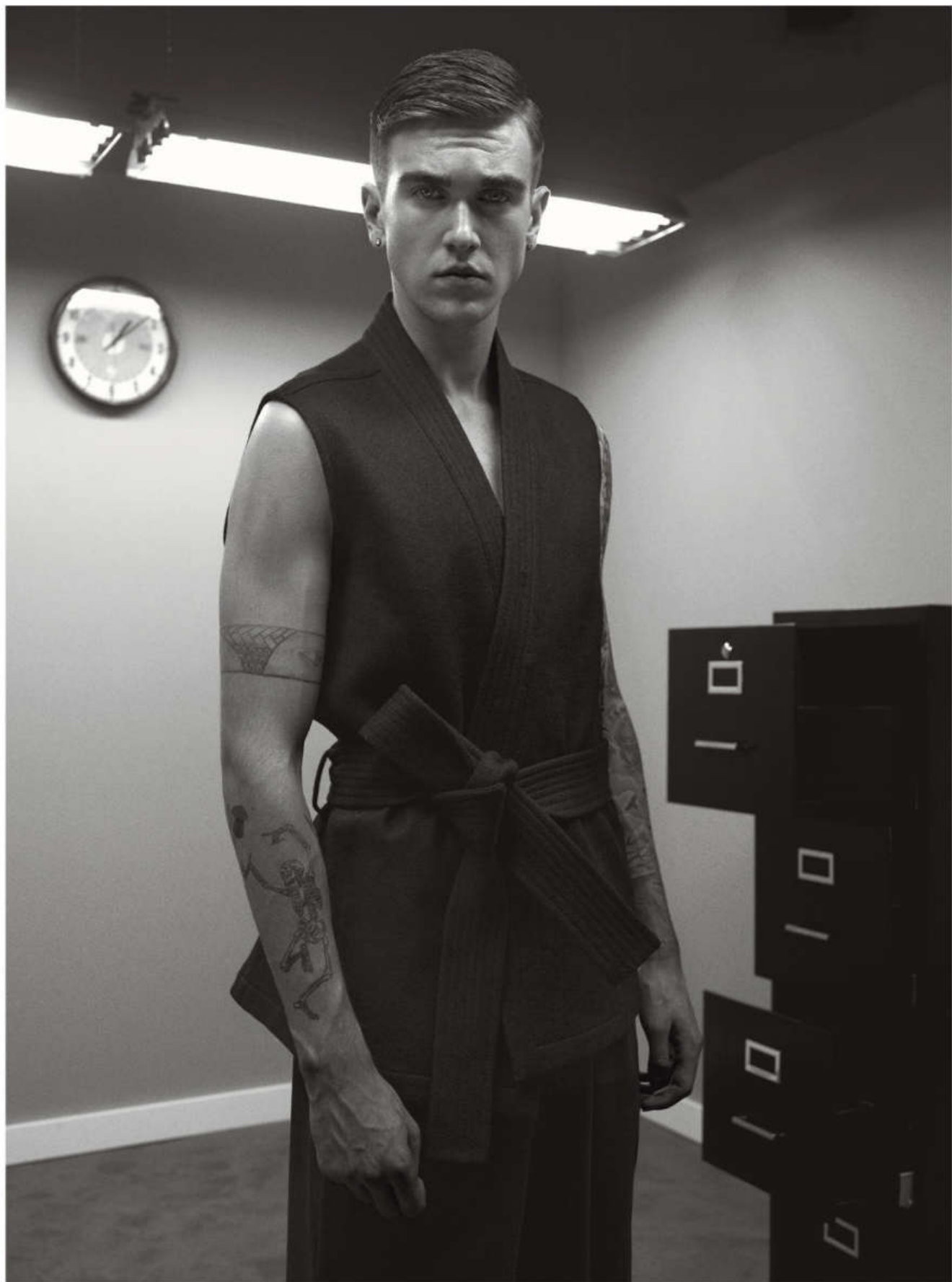


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TO CREATE A NEW DRESS CODE. PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBBIE FIMMANO STYLING BY EUGENE TONG

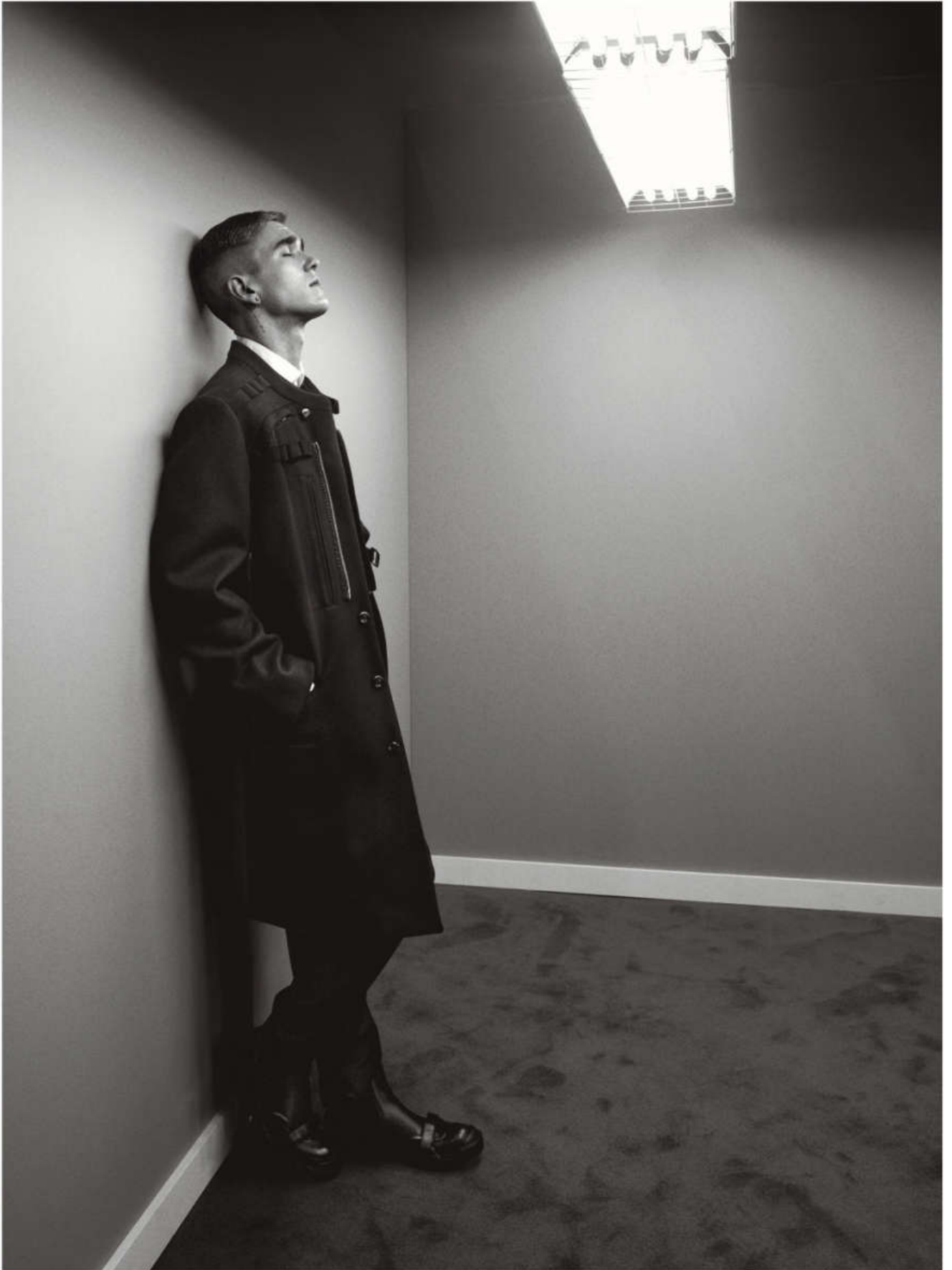
Jacket and trousers by **Giorgio Armani**. Shirt and boots by **Emporio Armani**.





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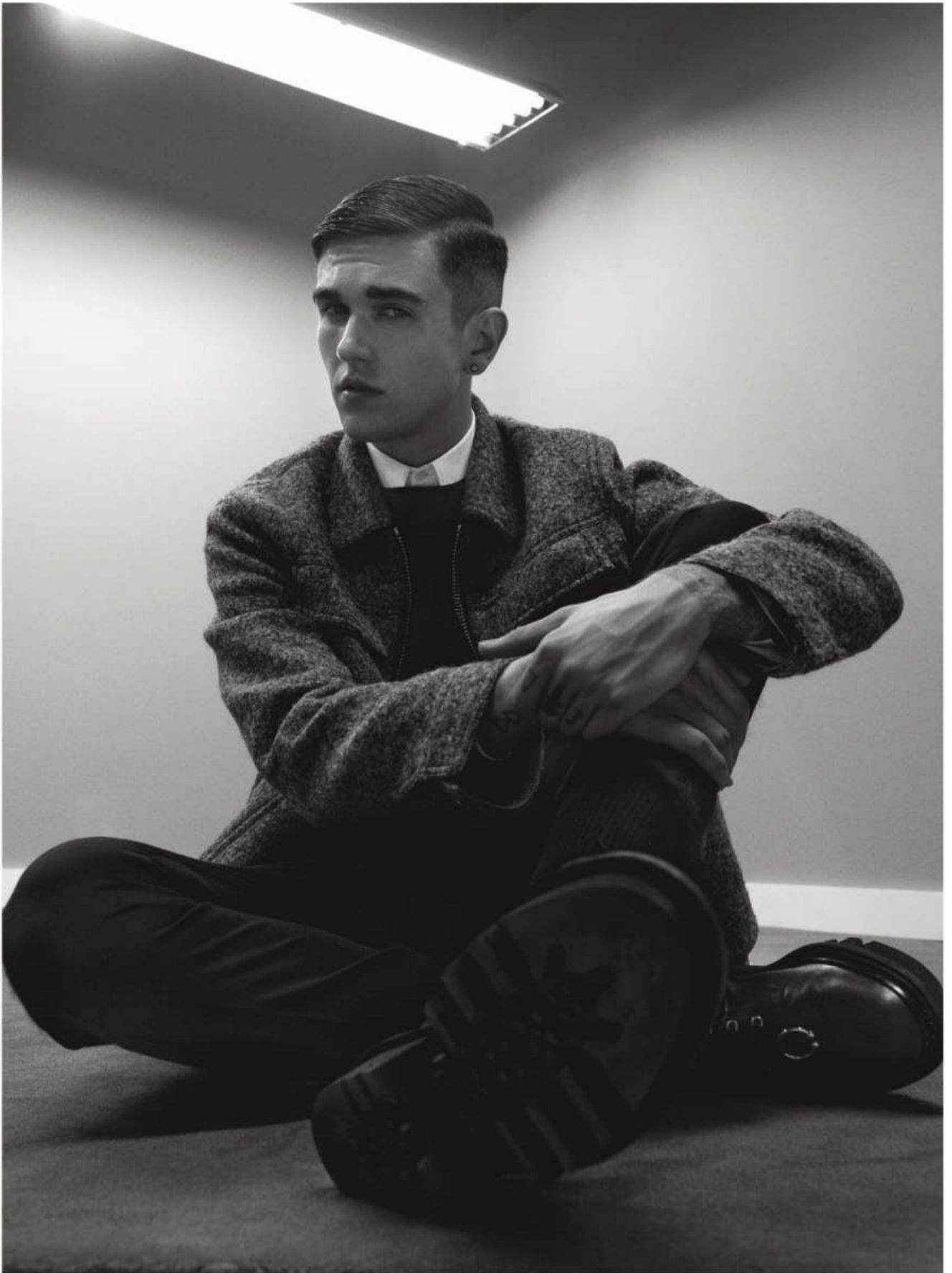




Prada



Neil Barrett



Grooming by Enrico Mariotti for the Land of Barbers. Model: Gabriel-Kane Day-Lewis at IMG Models.
Casting by Edward Kim at The Edit Desk. Set design by Daniel Graff at Mary Howard Studio.



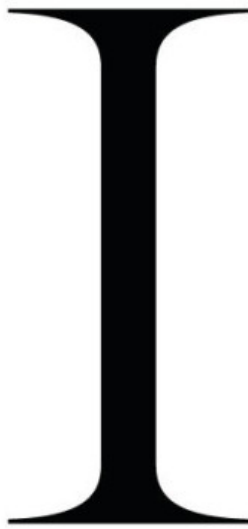


O U T S I D E R

NORMAN REEDUS HAS BECOME TV'S MOST IMPROBABLE LEADING MAN BY PLAYING A CROSSBOW-SLINGING, CHOPPER-RIDING, SQUIRREL-EATING TENDERHEARTED REDNECK ON *THE WALKING DEAD*. AND EVEN THAT IS PRETTY BUTTONED-UP FOR THIS 46-YEAR-OLD TRANSGRESSIVE ARTIST AND DOWNTOWN DENIZEN.

BY DOUG BROD
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SELIGER
STYLING BY BENJAMIN STURGILL

T H E



IT'S THE HOTTEST DAY SO FAR THIS YEAR, STICK-TO-YOUR-SHIRT HUMID, AND Norman Reedus is about to walk into Manhattan's Museum of Sex wearing a Wookiee on his head. Eyeing the building from the sidewalk, Reedus looks up from under his Chewbacca-emblazoned baseball cap, trying to jog his memory. "Pretty sure I shot a dirty love scene with Emmanuelle Béart here in an upstairs apartment," he muses, "a long time ago." He's just popped over from Chinatown, where he's lived for the past 16 years. To Reedus, one of those downtown denizens who rarely venture above Houston Street, MoSex's 27th Street location must seem like the Yukon. This weekend he's on a brief break from shooting *The Walking Dead* outside Atlanta, where he's spent five seasons as the squinty and stoic crossbow-toting, chopper-riding country boy Daryl Dixon. He's about a third of the way through Season 6 (which premiered October 11), and he's itching to head back south.

Reedus is a true outsider's insider, a peripatetic artistic polymath—sculptor, painter, photographer, actor, filmmaker, and reluctant fashion model—who's parlayed a CV filled with dozens of grim little (and little-watched) movies into a major role on a TV show with 14 million viewers a week. If Reedus' decidedly bent oeuvre resembles any from the past, it may be Dennis Hopper's, which included conventional projects, experimental films, Warhol collaborations, even a photo shoot he art-directed for *Hustler*. A quarter-century into an accidental acting career, Reedus has ambled into the mainstream on his own terms. He is a leading man, a sex symbol even, and the biggest draw on TV's most popular drama, but hardly a movie star. And for now, that just might be enough.

As we enter through the gift shop, a young male MoSex worker approaches to ask if Reedus is from "that show, *The Dead Walking*." From then on, it's as if a swarm of undead has descended upon poor Daryl.

"Ooh, can I get a picture?"

"Oh my God, I love *Boondock Saints*!"

"Umm . . . can we take another one?"

A dozen looky-loo selfies later, we escape up the stairs to begin our tour. As we survey the tasteful displays of sepia-toned copulation, Reedus tells me he doesn't consider himself a connoisseur of erotica—despite the overt sexuality of much of his art—but he does own a copy of what he believes to be the first pornographic movie ever made. "It's all black-and-white, choppy footage," he says, adding, with a sly smile, "lots of bush." The environs inspire a conversation about the transgressive filmmakers Jack Smith, Kenneth Anger, Gaspar Noé, and Asia Argento (Reedus mentions that he dated the actress-director years ago), as well as a revelation from Reedus: He'd rather film a full-monty sex scene than have to cry on camera.

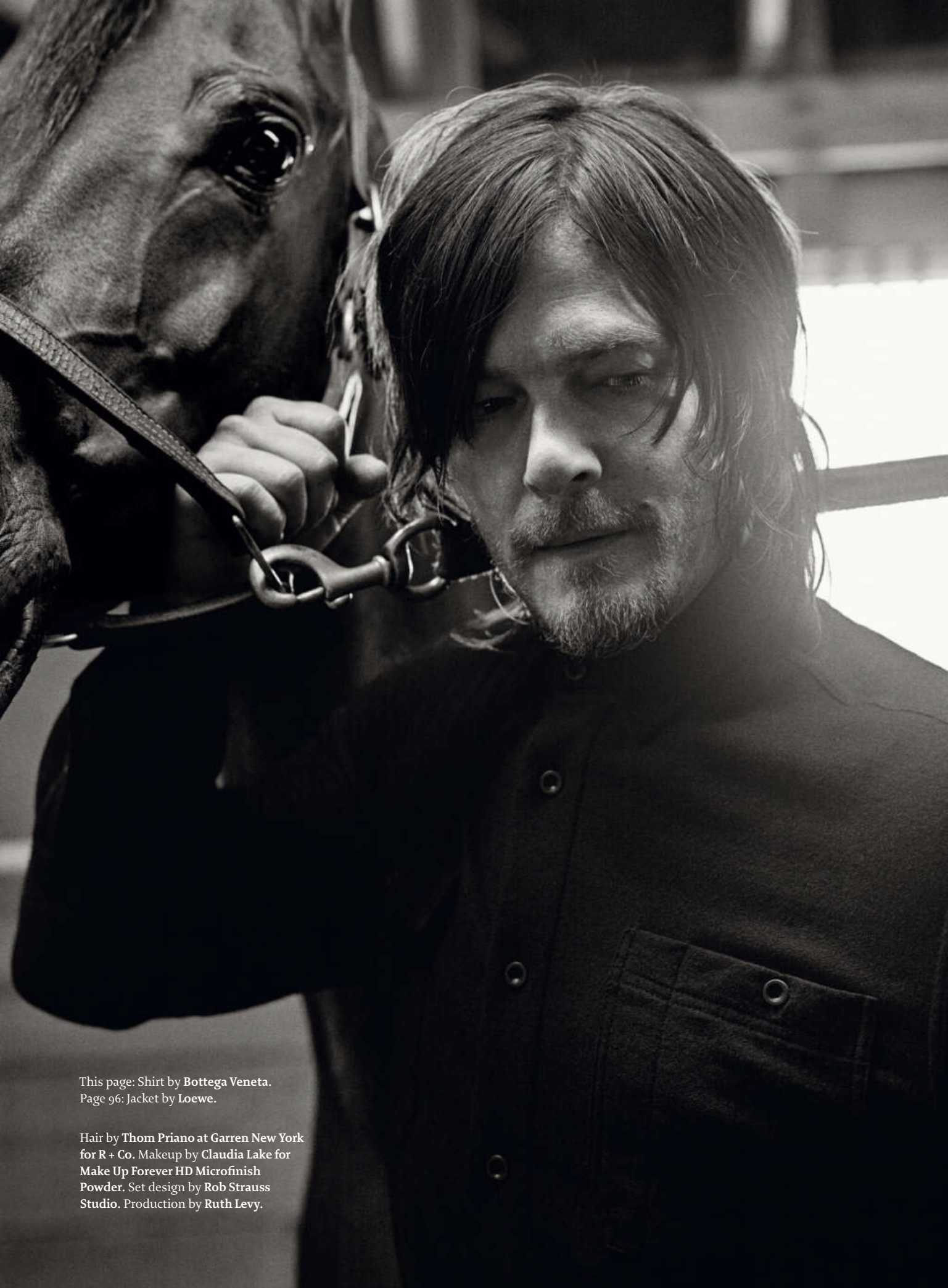
On the next floor, five tents make up an interactive campground that purports to reveal the complexities of human sexuality. One boothlike shelter allows visitors to explore themselves in front of a kaleidoscopic array of 65 mirrors. "Explore myself? That usually takes about six minutes," Reedus cracks, before stepping into this narcissist's Tardis. Two minutes later, he exits, calling the experience "Kim Kardashian's wet dream."

A flight up, he's captivated by a couple of fully nude RealDolls and hands me his iPhone so I can shoot him giving two thumbs up, Terry Richardson-style. When I tell him we're right near MoSex's main attraction, a bouncy castle filled with giant inflatable breasts, he proposes, not at all sheepishly, "We have to do that. I mean, *come on!*" His enthusiasm turns to exasperation when, after queuing up for 10 minutes, he spots some guy shooting video in our direction. Reedus has great radar; he's happy to accommodate fans, but he can sense those who are taking advantage. We bounce—but not on blow-up boobs—seeking refuge downstairs in the museum's café.

Sitting in a removed alcove with an iced coffee, Reedus looks like a guy who just wants to blend in: blue jeans, brown work boots, and a charcoal tee that reveals biceps honed by his regularly toting 50 pounds of weaponry. His hat rests atop his perpetually slick and shaggy mane, and dark Ray-Bans are hooked over his crewneck. Up close, his rugged, steely handsomeness comes into sharp relief, though the puffiness under his eyes suggests that he's recovering from a beat-down or a brutal bender; instead, it's the result of injuries sustained in a life-threatening crash a decade ago. His is a bruised swagger that brings to mind Willem Dafoe, Sean Penn, and Mickey Rourke, all of whom rank among his favorite actors. He will tell you he thinks he looks creepy and weird. And you will ignore him.

Reedus was born 46 years ago, fittingly in another Hollywood, the South Florida city he hasn't returned to since leaving it as a child. His mother, Marianne, was a *Playboy* bunny, sold coffins, and taught school in Kurdistan. "You know how they say, 'Papa was a rollin' stone'? My mom is the rollin' stone in my family. 'Trust yourself and go with your gut'—she lives like that." His late father, Norman, was a businessman who gave motivational speeches. Reedus remembers being on stage with him as he held an audience of thousands rapt. "It was like this weird fishing game with his tone," he recalls. "I was so impressed that he had the balls to do that." When I proffer that his dad was, in a sense, acting, Reedus grins as if he never made the connection. "Yeah, he was! I don't know that I could do that. Even now, when I speak in front of people, I'll put on sunglasses."

His folks split when he was a kid, so Reedus never got to know his dad as well as he would have liked. And with his mom on the go, he never stayed anywhere very long, which wasn't easy for the



This page: Shirt by Bottega Veneta.
Page 96: Jacket by Loewe.

Hair by Thom Priano at Garren New York
for R + Co. Makeup by Claudia Lake for
Make Up Forever HD Microfinish
Powder. Set design by Rob Strauss
Studio. Production by Ruth Levy.

Reedus is happy to be “street-famous.” “Like, your mom or cops or firemen will say, ‘Hey, man,

new, introverted kid in town. He first left home at 12 to attend tennis academies, after proving to be something of a prodigy, competing, he has said, “against guys who had all the fancy equipment and shoes. . . . I was in, like, soccer shoes and had a toy racquet.” By his own admission, he didn’t have the drive to continue. “I was just pretty good for a little while.”

At 17, Reedus rejoined his mom when she moved to Japan to teach and then split for London with friends. Inspired by a Jane’s Addiction lyric, he soon took off for Spain, alone, settling in the coastal city of Sitges, where he sold paintings out of his apartment. He followed a girl back to Los Angeles, where, in the early nineties, he fell in with a DIY art crowd and began organizing events at which everybody brought their own work, put it on the wall, and threw a party because, he says, “no one would go to an art show unless there was free alcohol and a band.” After making a drunken scene at one blowout, he was asked to act in a play, a comedy about AIDS. Hired as an understudy, Reedus found himself on stage the first night, after the lead flaked. “I had to wing it,” he says. “I was terrified.”

But not enough to stop performing. He eventually became a favorite of the directors David Fincher, Tarsem Singh, and Mark Romanek, who were on the front lines of the music-video revolution. “They kind of passed me around,” Reedus says of his days as an alt-rock muse. “We know this kid—he’s got a weird face.” Appearances in clips by Björk, Radiohead, and R.E.M. followed. It was quick, easy money, and the jobs helped shape his aesthetic as a budding filmmaker. “Just watching them work and hearing ideas,” he says, “it opened up a whole world. I can film that wall and have these books fly by in slow motion and add a dead bird in the corner, and it’ll be magical.”

In 1997, the fashion photographer Ellen von Unwerth happened to show Miuccia Prada some pictures she’d shot on the set of one of Reedus’ early movies, the Oedipal crime thriller *Six Ways to Sunday*. When his manager phoned to say Reedus was up for a Prada campaign, his first reaction was “What’s Prada?” Reedus remembers sitting in a bar the first night of the shoot with the photographer Glen Luchford, some stylists, and company executives and, after mentioning that he was freezing, being given a Prada sweater to put on. When he accidentally spilled a drink, he took the sweater off, wiped up the liquid with it, and threw the garment aside. “Glen, with his mouth open, said, ‘Look around the room right now,’” Reedus recalls. “I looked and everyone was gasping.”

A few more print and commercial gigs came his way—Gap, H&M, D’Urban, Levi’s—most of them via his then-girlfriend, Helena Christensen, the mother of his 16-year-old son, Mingus. “A lot of things I got offered were with her,” he says. “I just followed her lead.” Truth is, Reedus hated modeling and thinks he sucked—his ADD, he says, “makes sitting still the hardest thing in the world.” He also resents the “model turned actor” label that would become lazily attached to his name. “It was the other way around,” Reedus insists. “And look at me—I don’t really look like a model.”

In April 1999, Reedus appeared on the cover of *Vanity Fair*’s Hollywood issue (well, inside the gatefold, but still), along with 13 other young actors, including Adrien Brody and Giovanni Ribisi, and a year later

earned cult renown playing a divinely inspired Irish vigilante in *The Boondock Saints*, a frenetic low-budget Tarantino ripoff that became a hit on video. Though roles in some high-profile films ensued, movie stardom did not, and Reedus’ career came to a crashing halt after a 2005 car accident in Berlin left his face looking, he says, like hamburger. “I was thinking, I’ll never act again. It’s over.”

ACCORDING TO LEGEND, REEDUS LANDED HIS PART ON *THE WALKING DEAD* like this: He auditioned to play the racist and misogynist Merle Dixon, a part that went to Michael Rooker. But the truth, according to Reedus, is different: In L.A. for the 2010 pilot season, Reedus became fixated on a script about the survivors of a zombie apocalypse but was disappointed to learn it had already been cast. “I was like, ‘Just get me in the room. I’ll go in and do a guest spot,’” he recalls with mock desperation. He was asked to read Merle’s lines on two separate occasions, presumably to keep him off-balance. Later, he found out that Frank Darabont, who developed the show from Robert Kirkman’s comic books, was so impressed that he created the character of Daryl—Merle’s younger brother—specifically for Reedus and gave the actor the freedom to help shape the role. It was Reedus’ idea to have Daryl reject the rednecky and druggy path the producers originally laid out, transforming what started as a supporting role into very nearly the co-lead.

“The dynamic has changed,” he explains. “In Season 1, it was ‘Here’s some clay, mold it into something.’ Season 2, it’s ‘Okay, here’s the mold—we’re all sharing ideas on how big the hands should be.’ And then Season 3: ‘He may or may not have long or short hair,’ and a bunch of people are making that decision.”

According to Kirkman, who’s an executive producer on the show, Daryl’s development remains rooted in Reedus’ interpretation. “For the first season, we really didn’t know what we were doing with the character,” he says. “So we’d see what Norman would do, how he’d read a line, how he’d react to something. And that helped inform where we went with Daryl.”

John Hillcoat, who directed Reedus in the upcoming corrupt-cop thriller *Triple 9*, also noticed this instinctiveness. “He’s very nuanced, intuitive, and precise, one of those subtle actors that barely does anything and is just completely believable,” he says. “There’s an emotional damage that adds to his complexity, humanity, and appeal.”

“I guess there is that damaged quality,” Reedus says. “That’s something I might have unconsciously run with early on. Maybe I still do. It gives some people an underdog quality—you want to root for them as they fight their way through something. Maybe I have a little bit of that.” He pauses for emphasis. “But I don’t cry myself to sleep.”

Until Kirkman clarified last year that Daryl is straight, the Internet was rife with speculation that he might be gay, bi, asexual, or a virgin. While he’s had no romantic clinches on the show, Daryl has shared tender moments with the pragmatic widow Carol and the idealistic orphan Beth and has become close with the show’s two openly gay characters. “As far as his relationship with Aaron and Eric,” Reedus says, “Daryl judges people not just by what they say but what they do. Stand-up people are the only people you can trust in that world, so that makes Daryl a very compassionate person. And

doesn't know who I am, but the FedEx guy I like your show!' " he says. "I'm not *People's* sexiest dude."

that's one of the reasons that character is popular."

It's that tension—will he or won't he and, if he does, with whom?—that provides Reedus' admirers with a plethora of carnal fanfic scenarios. "Even this season, I'm the last in line for love," he says with a wry laugh. "I like not going through that door one way or another. I like that mystery." Since the show routinely bumps off its main characters, Reedus insists that despite all the adoration, not even Daryl is safe from the producers' crossbow. "They'll kill me whenever they want. I would hate to leave the show. I would play this role until I'm 80, I really would. And I could."

IN REEDUS' FILMOGRAPHY, SPRINKLED AMONG SUCH OBSCURITIES AS *Night of the Templar*, *Moscow Chill*, and *Hello Herman*, you'll find major-studio releases like *Blade II*, *Gossip*, and *8MM*. Questions of quality aside, the actor remains ambivalent about big-budget moviemaking, especially now that he has a full-time gig that lasts eight months out of the year and requires him to look the same when he returns to shoot the next season. If you saw *Air*, the recent sci-fi film he made with Kirkman, you may have noticed that Reedus' character looked exactly like Daryl Dixon. And if you saw *Tomorrowland*, you may have noticed . . . that Reedus isn't in it. He almost snagged the part of George Clooney's dad, but he couldn't justify a request to cut the long locks so crucial to his day job. "I was like, 'Don't they know I'm on a TV show?'" he says, suggesting that a bald cap and a hairpiece would have been an easy fix. "It went down to the last minute, and everyone knew I couldn't cut my hair. Then, I think the director, Brad Bird, threw a fit and was like, 'If he's not dedicated to this role and he can't cut his hair, then it's not going to work.' I'm on a fuckin' TV show! I can't just shave my head!"

Reedus' posture stiffens as a fratty fan advances.

"What's up?" Reedus asks.

"Daryl?"

"Yeah, sorta."

"Just double-checking. *Fantastic!*"

"Nice to see you," Reedus says and then turns to me. "Nobody knows my real name. What the fuck?"

When I ask him what degree of fame he'd be most comfortable with, Reedus doesn't hesitate. "I want to be Bill Murray," he says, beaming. "What a good life he has. He pops up when he wants to have fun, and then he just disappears."

Leonardo DiCaprio, Brad Pitt, Johnny Depp—Reedus has no idea how those guys handle their megacelebrity. He's happy to be more "street-famous." "Like, your mom doesn't know who I am, and I don't have any awards, but the FedEx guy or cops or firemen will say, 'Hey, man, I like your show!'"

"I'm not," he continues, "*People's* sexiest dude."

Judging from the spate of YouTube videos with titles like "Norman Reedus' Hot Scenes," perhaps he doth protest too much. And while Reedus has denied reports that earlier this year he was involved with Emily Kinney, who played Beth on *The Walking Dead*, he sometimes finds himself infatuated with his costars. Diane Kruger, with whom he shares intense love scenes in the upcoming indie drama *Sky*, is just the latest. "It was hard not to fall in love with her," he says. "You know

it's going to end when they yell 'Wrap!' But you fall in untouchable love. It's more of an admiration."

Kruger, who's happily shackled up with the actor Joshua Jackson, opened up to Reedus. "I was so worried about being incredibly vulnerable, both physically and emotionally, with someone I'd never met," says the actress, who posits that Reedus' appeal is tied to "something so broken in his eyes, and I don't know where that comes from. He's such a handsome man, yet so broken."

"I also kind of fell in love with Debbie Harry," Reedus says of his *Six Ways to Sunday* costar. "She was my mom, and I fuck her and she kills herself. So there you go."

"**RICHARD NIXON PICKS UP THIS HOOKER AND THEN FUCKS HER FROM BEHIND and then stabs her and throws her body in the garbage, right? And then this monstrous deformed guy gets picked on by these trannies in a bar and then leaves the bar all rejected and falls in love with this dead body, this beautiful dead body. And he falls in love so hard that he fucks it back to life and then it asks for a hundred dollars—'cause it's a hooker!**"

So there you go: straight from the director's mouth, a synopsis of *The Rub*, one of three short films Reedus made and sells on his website, bigbaldhead.com.

As he digs into a late lunch of artichoke salad and salmon tartare at the Bowery Hotel, Reedus attempts to explain his macabre, outré sensibility, saying it's been shaped by, among other things, the cadaverous tableaux of the photographer Joel-Peter Witkin and the hellish vistas of Hieronymus Bosch.

Having cofounded Collective Hardware, the Nolita gallery and studio space that burned bright for a few years earlier this decade, Reedus boasts impeccable downtown bona fides. He has amassed a substantial body of work, last year publishing a collection of his own photography in addition to a book of Daryl-centric fan art. And he's exhibited his photos, paintings, and sculptures in New York, Los Angeles, and Europe: pictures of roadkill he took while commuting to the *Walking Dead* set from his part-time home in rural Georgia; sculptures of a giant horned vagina as well as a life-size, nearly nude blue Reedus battling live rats. Then there's the music video he made for the garage-punk duo the Bots featuring a fire-eater, a contortionist, and a band member vomiting butterflies. "I kind of take grotesque things and make them pretty," he says. It's a job description that Reedus could also apply to his acting. "I look like a bad guy, but I'm a good guy, so I get a lot of bad-guys parts who are good underneath—good guys doing bad things."

Reedus can relate to those types of characters. He doesn't go out much, so he's avoided the TMZ gotcha moments that have struck down some peers. However, "fighting in public—if I was 17 or 18 and an actor, I probably would have been caught doing stuff like that," he confesses, alluding to a period when he made some "bad decisions."

"What was the worst of your bad decisions?"

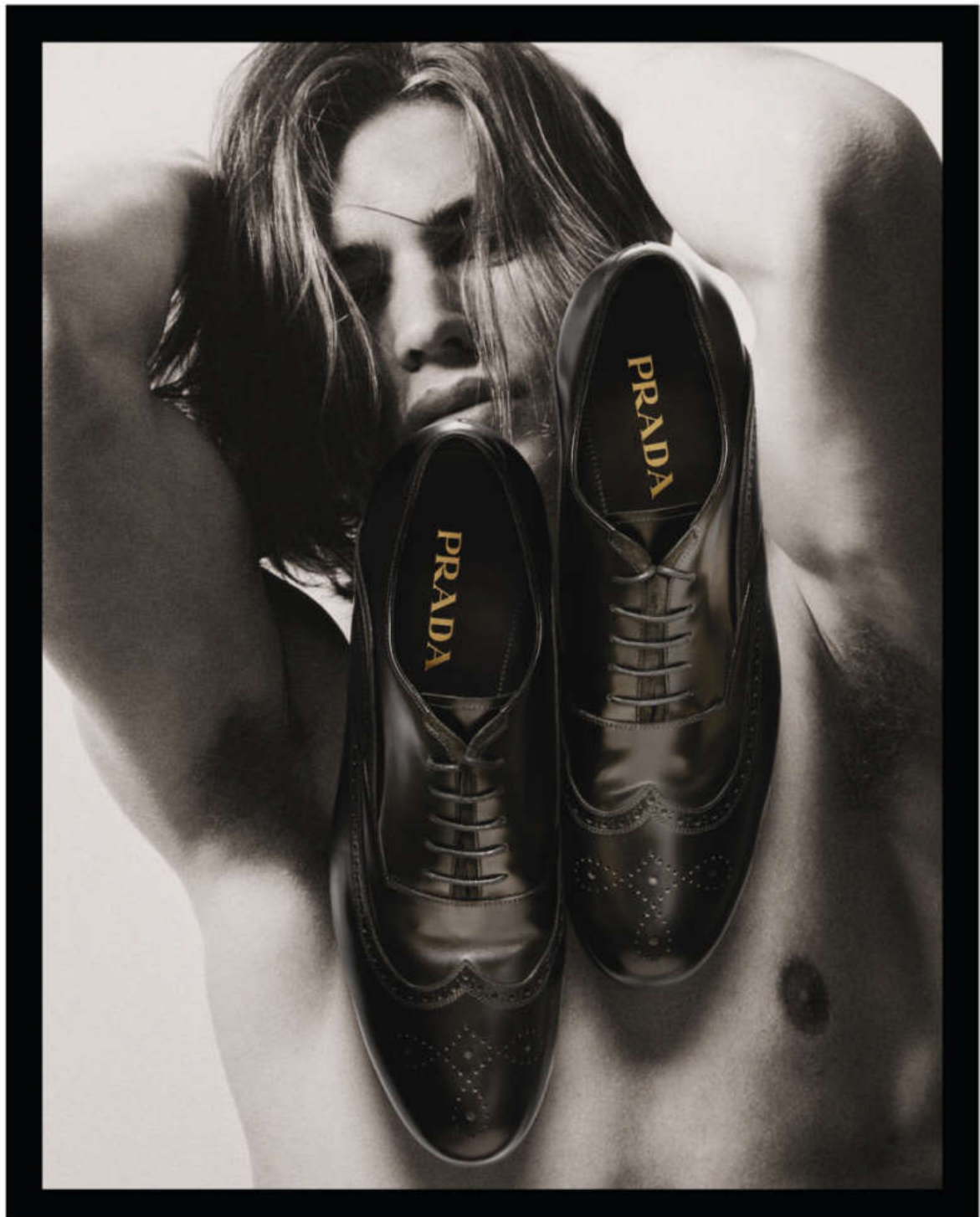
His eyes widen, startled. "Why would I ever tell you that?"

"I didn't expect you to."

And with precise timing, the man who plays Daryl Dixon, superlative zombie slayer, shifts in his seat and shrugs, saying softly, "I didn't kill anybody." ■

PERFECT ACCENTS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTIN VALLIN



Prada



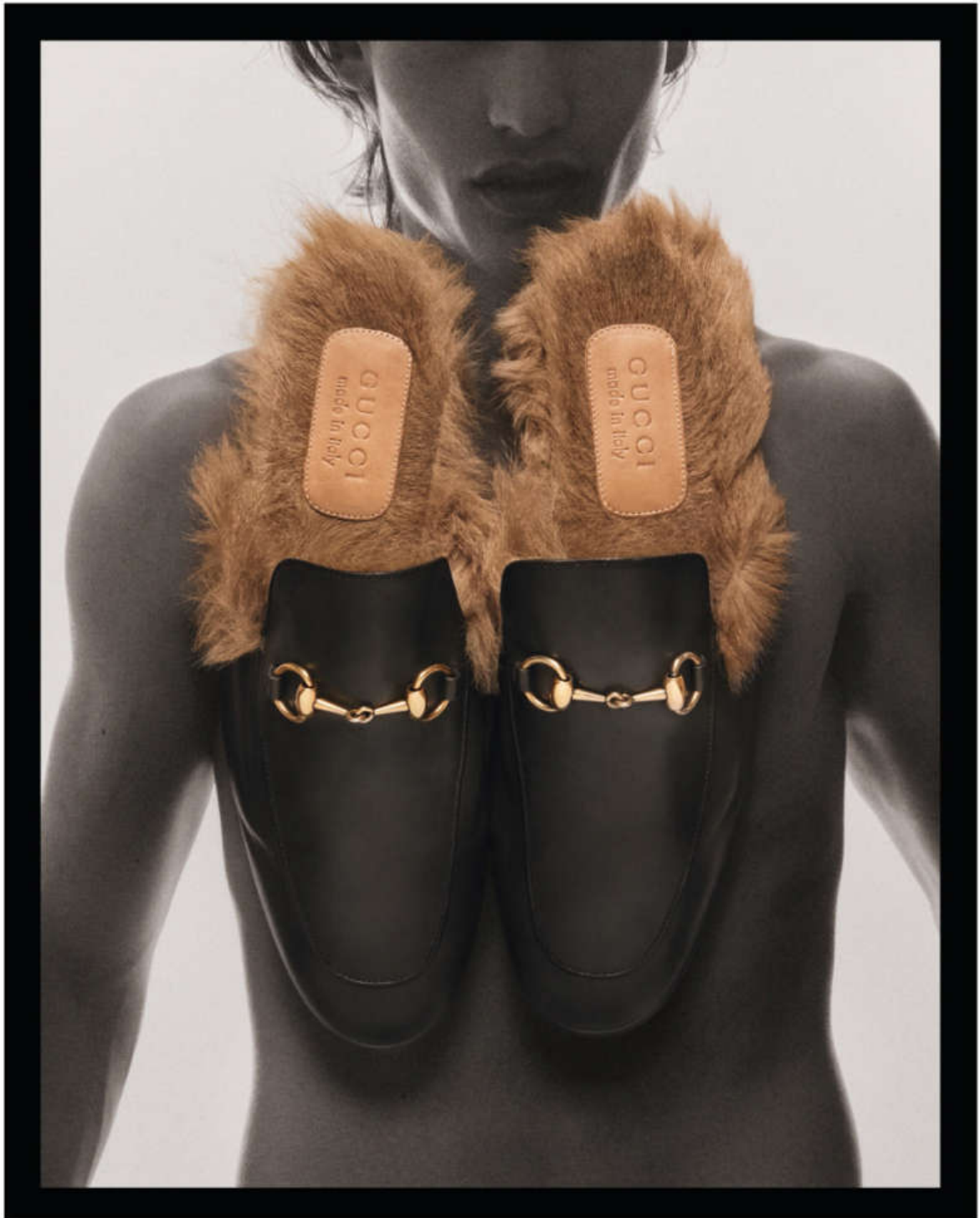
Larose Paris



Bally



Tom Ford



Gucci



Louis Vuitton

Grooming by Kristina Kullenberg at LundLund. Retouching by MUD Studios. Model: Lucas A. at Elite.

WHAT YOU GET FOR... \$500 MIL



When it's finished, in 2017, the home—
photographed here via drone, looking west—
will have, among other amenities, an outdoor
yoga platform (the semicircle, far right).

LION IN LOS ANGELES

On a hilltop in Bel Air, a 100,000-square-foot gigamansion is under construction, for no one in particular. The asking price would shatter records (the future owner will enjoy a walk-in jellyfish aquarium that, alone, is costing \$500,000 to build), but the developer just might get it—because as ridiculous as it sounds, in L.A.'s unbridled real-estate bubble, this house could be billed as a bargain.

BY CHRISTOPHER BAGLEY | PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEVIN COOLEY



HIGH ABOVE BEL AIR, NILE NIAMI IS LOOKING down on the tiny mansions of mere millionaires as he stands on a plywood platform that will soon be the roof deck of the house he's selling for \$500 million. When you expect a half billion dollars, everything has to scale up, including the views, and from this hilltop, they span 360 degrees—encompassing the San Gabriel Mountains, the Pacific Ocean, and, today, Niami's Rolls-Royce Phantom convertible, parked in the driveway below. The 47-year-old developer is taking it all in . . . and explaining why he believes the property is not really so expensive when you think about it.

The home itself, when it's finished in 2017, will have five swimming pools, a casino, a nightclub with a VIP area, a lounge with jellyfish tanks in lieu of walls and ceilings, and various other amenities that might seem excessive at the Ritz-Carlton Abu Dhabi. It will be more than 100,000 square feet, twice the size of the White House. So the price works out to about \$5,000 per square foot, which, Niami notes, is less than half what several billionaires have paid for their casino-less Manhattan penthouses. "We have a very specific client in mind," says Niami, who is wearing a slim-

fitting polo shirt and a Breguet watch. "Someone who already has a \$100 million yacht and has seven houses all over the world, in London and Dubai and wherever."

Niami rarely gives interviews, which is perhaps a wise choice. Brusque, blunt, and palpably cologned, he isn't one to make apologies about his new project's size or price tag. "To be able to say that the biggest and the most expensive house in the world is here, that will be really good for L.A.," he says. That's not necessarily a universally shared sentiment. He's been unpopular in Bel Air since last fall, when he sliced off the top of a hill in order to enhance the panoramic vistas on the four-acre lot. For weeks, a convoy of dump trucks snaked up and down the narrow streets, removing approximately 40,000 cubic yards of dirt. And although Niami has avoided the public legal scuffles that have ensnared other high-rolling Los Angeles developers who build on spec (construction has been frozen on Mohamed Hadid's spaceshiplike megavilla nearby because of permit violations), this \$500 million listing has marked him as the embodiment of the market's unbridled extravagance.

When the house's asking price was announced last May, some people figured it

was an absurd marketing ploy, since if the property fetches anything close to \$500 million, it will obliterate the current world-record price of \$221 million, for a London penthouse. But absurdity is all relative in today's gigamansion market—particularly in L.A., where previous milestones such as the \$85 million sale of the 123-room Spelling manor in 2011 are beginning to look quaint. (That property is about half the size of Niami's, and its current owner, the British-born heiress Petra Stunt, reportedly put it on sale last year for \$150 million.) Right now, speculative developers in particular share one prevailing mantra: If you overbuild it, they will come.

The main thing to understand about L.A.'s growing crop of no-expense-spared spec homes is that they are not actually homes, in the usual sense of the word. Most buyers live on other continents and visit these properties for only a week or two each year, using them mainly as places to park their wealth. After all,

The living and dining areas (below) will open onto a courtyard with palm trees. Niami (opposite) surveys the vistas from one of the outdoor seating areas, which will appear to float on water off the nightclub.



in an era when a Cézanne painting can fetch \$250 million, a massive trophy estate in Bel Air might seem like a perfectly sensible investment to a billionaire sheik or oligarch who's looking to keep his money safe from a grabby despot back home. And sure enough, for these clients, "bigger" and "better" are generally synonymous. Last year, when Miami was selling a 32,000-square-foot manse in the Holmby Hills section of L.A., he discovered that, despite its four-lane bowling alley and indoor pool, many potential buyers wanted more parking and bigger staff quarters. "It only had a five-car garage, and everybody complained," he says.

No one can accuse Miami of ignoring the "go big or go home" ethos with the Bel Air property. As Drew Fenton, the real-estate broker who has the listing, says, "It is by far the most important estate project in Los Angeles over the last 25 years and will raise the bar for all other estates built in the city." (It will also raise the bar for Fenton's future commissions, since even a 2 percent cut on this sale could earn him \$10 million.) One entire temperature-controlled room will be dedicated to storing fresh flowers. Marketing materials refer to the property simply as "The One," and in lieu of a standard virtual tour, Fenton has put together a slickly produced

film, with dozens of real-life, green-screened models populating a lifelike digital rendering. It shows the urbane man of the manse pulling up to the front door in his red Ferrari LaFerrari and moving through expanses of marble and glass, from cigar lounge to billiards room to spa, while yoga-toned babes swim in clear-walled pools, cavort on the indoor-outdoor dance floor, and share laughs against a backdrop of neon-blue jellyfish. Part of the goal is to present L.A. as a seductive alternative to more typical billionaire havens like Monaco and Dubai and London, a city whose appeal Miami simply can't fathom. "I mean, what's in London?" he says. "The weather is horrible. I don't get it."

Miami, an L.A. native who was raised by his mother, a special-ed teacher, began his career in this town's other bastion of not-always-rational expenditures: the movie business. During the 1990s, he worked as an independent-film producer and at one point paid Steven Seagal \$10 million for a film called *The Patriot* that never secured theatrical release in the United States. But after realizing how hard it can be to make money as a producer, he found an outlet for his outsize entrepreneurial ambitions. Miami began dabbling in real estate, first remodeling small homes around

L.A. and later building new condos from scratch. As a developer, Miami was unshackled, freed from the whimsical demands of actors, directors, writers, studios, and agents. "In the film business, you can't really control things, because there are too many hands in the pot," he says. "Here, it's just me."

Around 2008, he met Fenton, who clued him in on the burgeoning market of spec homes priced at \$10 million to \$15 million—a range that sounded astronomical at the time. "I said, 'Who buys a house for that?'" Miami recalls. He soon found out: cash-rich foreigners and entrepreneurs whose wealth is immune to such little-people problems as subprime-mortgage crises and stock-market swings. "For the \$5 million houses, the buyers still needed loans," he says. "But when you moved up to \$10 or \$15 million, it was guys who didn't have to rely on the bank."

Miami was one of the first big spec developers to take on the Bird Streets—the hilly enclave above the Sunset Strip that's been home to celebs like Leonardo DiCaprio and Halle Berry. In 2012, reports say, the Winklevoss twins paid him \$18 million for one of the "contemporary view" houses, with sliding glass walls, sleek waterfalls, and infinity pools, that have become Miami's trademark.





High Overhead: The Half-Billion-Dollar House at a Glance

- 1 — About half of the tennis court had to be built on pilings to account for the land's contours. This niche will have a covered viewing area and a fire pit.
- 2 — The infinity pool for the guesthouse, which, when built, will be 5,000 square feet itself.
- 3 — The motor court and the main house's entrance hall; a fire display will greet guests as they step inside.
- 4 — The gigamansion's main guard gate (there will be a separate area, with monitors, for keeping an eye on the whole estate).
- 5 — The property will be surrounded on three sides by a moat and other water features, which will make the whole thing appear to be floating.
- 6 — The "sky deck," as Miami refers to it, will have a putting green, a bar, a lounge area, and covered loggias.



At one point, Niami was building four houses simultaneously in the tiny neighborhood. “We were buying land for \$9 million, doing a remodel, and selling for, like, \$39 million,” he recalls.

But soon Beverly Hills’ hot Trousdale Estates section beckoned. Exact sales figures for the latest spec homes can be hard to pin down, since most are off-market “pocket list-

ings” and nondisclosure agreements are routine. But in Trousdale late last year, the fashion tycoon turned developer Bruce Makowsky sold a new 23,000-square-foot place to Markus Persson, the creator of Minecraft, for \$70 million, setting a record for the area. Niami, who is building a property next door, has raised its price accordingly. “I’d figured mine was going to sell for about 40,” he says. “But that one

went for 70, so we’re going to ask 90.” When Niami takes me to that site, he points out the future “Cristal room,” whose black lacquer shelves will feature a geometric display of champagne bottles of varying sizes, and the basement-level “wellness suite,” which will include a hair salon with mirrors that double as TV screens.

Niami has a different off-market property



in Trousdale with another apparent must-have: a spinning car turntable, similar to those in auto showrooms, that's visible from the living room. "So, while you're watching TV, you can see your \$3 million car," he explains. This place is comparatively small, at 14,000 square feet, but Niami is convinced it will fetch \$45 million. He mentions a celebrity couple whose real-estate agents keep calling. "They want to see it when it's done, because they're looking for a house that has privacy," he says. A few streets over is a new pocket listing (not a Niami development) that has Realtors abuzz: a teardown on two and a half acres, priced at \$135 million. Meanwhile, just across the hill from Niami's Bel Air house, construction is well under way on a 70,000-square-foot compound for a Qatari.

Niami's chief architect, a wry Irishman named Paul McClean, acknowledges that prices have become divorced from reality. "The numbers right now are crazy, no matter how you look at them," he says. "But for most people who buy these kinds of houses, it's not a decision that they calculate based on price per square foot. It's more about the emotional draw. With Nile, we're trying to sell a lifestyle, a sense of how people imagine they would live." That's one reason Niami always sells his

houses fully furnished and decorated, down to the Junior Mints in the screening room. (He gets what a certain client wants, and he's trying to apply that touch to worlds beyond real estate. He recently launched a social-media app, called Wolfpack, for single straight guys looking for other dudes to hang out with. Niami got the idea when a newly divorced friend was at a loss for ways to meet people; the app links users with local poker sessions or bros with extra Lakers tickets. Niami has hired a small team to run Wolfpack, which is still building a membership but has already been featured on *Nightline*.)

For as much bravado as Niami has about this project, what he can't—or won't—say is equally intriguing. He doesn't know who sold him the massive Bel Air plot, which originally included a decrepit home that he promptly tore down. The secret transaction took place through a bank trust, and the owner remained anonymous (Niami declines to say what he paid). What he does know is that he managed to find room for almost every luxury amenity he could dream up—except a gun range. During our visit to the site in midsummer, the place is still a maze of steel beams and cement trucks, though it's already easy to see that the finished building will dwarf

The main pool house and barbecue area (above), with renderings of what it'll look like when it's built. A separate indoor pool and spa space (opposite, top) will include a hair salon—three people can be coiffed at once—and a place for mani-pedis. A rendering (opposite, bottom) depicts the finished house.

Hearst Castle. After showing me where the 40-seat screening room will be, Niami walks me through the master suite, which alone is 6,000 square feet—"but when you're in it, it doesn't look that big, because everything else is so big," he says. Next we explore the main level; the glass-walled library will have a double-height ceiling and be surrounded on three sides by water. Don't bother looking for first editions, however. "Nobody really reads books," Niami says, "so I'm just going to fill the shelves with white books, for looks." Stepping past the nightclub's outdoor lounge area where circular banquettes will seem to float next to a two-story waterfall, he says: "I really think that this house is going to do a lot for L.A. Anybody who lives in the area is going to be proud to be near it."

Actually, a number of them will be lobbying to prevent anything like it from ever



being built again. Last year, longtime Bel Air resident Fredric D. Rosen, the former honcho at Ticketmaster, cofounded a homeowners' alliance and quickly raised more than \$750,000 from neighbors to help enact stricter limits on oversize homes. "What level of sanity would allow a house this big to be built, with a huge discotheque?" Rosen asks. "Anything over 20,000 square feet should be considered a commercial project." Even though Niemi complied with locals' requests for tighter controls—flagmen to ease traffic flow, reduced hauling hours, etc.—Rosen and other critics contend that current building regulations are outdated and haphazardly enforced. (In some parts of the city, for example, there are height restrictions on new construction but nothing to limit excavation.) "We're not some crazy antidevelopment group telling you that your house should be gray or purple," Rosen says. "What this is about is, you can't put a size-eight foot in a size-five shoe."

But you can try. From Versailles to Hearst Castle, big-house builders have always relished barreling over—or veering around—any speed bumps that came between them and their Xanadu. This spring, thanks in part to pressure from Rosen's group, L.A.'s city council issued a temporary ordinance to limit

hauling and reduce construction traffic while the planning board considers permanent, citywide restrictions. In Beverly Hills, meanwhile, Niemi says, "there are so many ridiculous rules that they put into place, and that's why I'm not building in Trousdale anymore." As for the social and moral issues raised by the spread of resort-size, mostly unoccupied residences at a time of rampant inequality, Niemi deflects the question, preferring to focus on the hundreds of local jobs that his projects have created.

Niemi might just take his dump trucks and go play elsewhere. Lately, he's become

convinced that the very spec boom he helped spawn has caused land in L.A. to become "ridiculously overpriced." And once he has his behemoth built, he's considering bringing his formula to Miami and Napa Valley—and even to regulation-heavy San Francisco, where he's looked at property in Presidio Heights. In the Bay Area, the target buyers will be tech titans likely to use the houses as their main residences. Would it make Niemi feel better to know that the owners of his mammoth masterworks will actually be living in them? "No," he says. "It doesn't make a difference as long as they pay the money." ■





◆ Why You're Hearing About It

From December 3 to 6, more than 70,000 art lovers will flock to Art Basel Miami Beach, the biggest contemporary-art fair in the U.S., featuring 267 top galleries—29 that are new this year. Art Basel is just part of what's known as Miami Art Week, which includes nearly two dozen satellite exhibits and exclusive parties thrown by brands like Gucci and Dom Pérignon.

◆ The Big Promise

You'll see works from blue-chip artists. Plus, there are the city's booming permanent cultural institutions, like the Pérez Art Museum Miami (which relocated in 2013 to a home designed by Herzog & de Meuron) and the Spinello Projects gallery. Finally, there are the celeb-studded parties—last year, Kim Kardashian was fêted one night and Miley Cyrus performed on another.

◆ The Celebrity Acolytes

Leonardo DiCaprio (who reportedly bought the Frank Stella screen-print *Double Gray Scramble* for just under \$1 million last year), Kanye West, Drake, Tobey Maguire, Sean Combs, Usher, Wiz Khalifa

Moon (2011), by the artist Not Vital, was shown at last year's Art Basel.

◆ What the Experts Say

"There's a really high bar for galleries to get into Art Basel and NADA [a satellite fair]—it's like getting into a really good college—so you know that what you're seeing has been vetted. I'm looking forward to what the Rubell Family Collection and the de la Cruz Collection show during Art Basel." —Robert Goff, a director at the David Zwirner Gallery

◆ The Opposition

"It's a clusterfuck. Everyone is fake; everyone's looking over your shoulder to see if there's someone more interesting. It's a great way to stand in long lines trying to get into some VIP party—which is shit once you get in. It's a depressing vision of the art world eating itself in an orgy of late-stage capitalism." —Felix Salmon, art-market reporter and *Fusion* senior editor

BEYOND THE MAIN EVENT

Outside Art Basel are more satellite fairs and galleries than you could see in a week. Jane Wooldridge, the Miami Herald's business and visual-arts editor, provides a master class on which ones to hit.

ART MIAMI

This long-running fair—where everyone from Picasso to Banksy has shown—holds its VIP preview right before Art Basel begins. "It's the starting gate for the week," Wooldridge says.

THE MARGULIES COLLECTION AT THE WAREHOUSE

Wooldridge recommends this space's "spectacular" survey of German-born painter and sculptor Anselm Kiefer's pieces.

ICA MIAMI

The museum will host a solo exhibition of vanguard video artist Alex Bag's work (her first major U.S. showing since 2009).

NADA ART FAIR

NADA's galleries show younger and less-established artists, like Los Angeles painter JP Munro. "For anyone interested in emerging artists," Wooldridge says, "that's definitely a place to be."

SHOULD YOU... Go to Art Basel Miami Beach?



◆ Back to the Experts

"One highlight will be Miguel Ángel Rojas, an important conceptual artist from Colombia. Our Survey section [for historical works] will be showing [optical artist] Heinz Mack of Germany and [American Pop artist] Rosalyn Drexler." —Noah Horowitz, *Art Basel Miami Beach's* new director

◆ Let's Run the Numbers

\$3 billion: Value of art on display last year
\$5.6 million: One of the highest-ever prices paid at the fair, in 2014, for Jean-Michel Basquiat's mid-eighties work *Reak*
\$85,000: Value of *Visage aux Mains*, a silver plate by Picasso, stolen from last year's Art Miami satellite fair

The Bottom Line

Sure, fashion guru Simon Doonan has called the event "a promo-party cheese-fest," and Tom Wolfe portrayed it as infested with billionaire "maggots" in his 2012 novel *Back to Blood*, but if you're into art and don't mind crowds, book a flight. On the other hand, if you just want to socialize and aren't well connected (or a skilled party crasher), there are plenty of other warm-weather, booze-soaked places to visit in early December.



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